The Outlook

Volume 80 Saturday, June 3, 1905 Number 5

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

Mayor Weaver and the Philadelphia Gas Situation 253
The Boston Gas Conflict 254
Industrial Conciliation 255
The Fruit-Car Monopoly 256
The Case of Ju Toy 257
English Politics 258
The Union of Baptist Churches 258
The Presbyterian Assembly 260
Mrs. Livermore 260
A Piece of Folly 261
Educational Reactionaries Repulsed 261

EDITORIALS

Work and Play 262
Love and Law 263
A National Professorship 265
Municipal Ownership 266
The Spectator 269

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

An Angler's Wish (Poem) 275
By Henry van Dyke
Thoreau, a Prophet of Nature 278
By Hamilton W. Mabie
In an Adirondack Bay (Poem) 282
By Francis Sterne Palmer
A Winter Tramp in the North Woods 283
By Harold J. Howland
Yosemite Storms and Floods 297
By John Muir
Personal Impressions of John Muir 303
By Robert Underwood Johnson
A Quiet Corner: The Isle of Oléron 307
By Charles Wagner. Translated by Anna Knight
The Prince of Montenegro 312
By Hélène Vacaresco
The Upland Meadow (Poem) 314
By Charles Mulford Robinson
On a Connecticut Stillwater 315
By Elisabeth Woodbridge
Turtle-Dove: A Story of Meadow-Larks 325
By W. E. D. Scott
Country Life in Broadway 330
By Augusta Kortrecht
A Strenuous Vacation 333
By the Right Rev. C. H. Brent, D.D.
The Twisted Tree (Story) 337
By Alice Brown
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 343

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

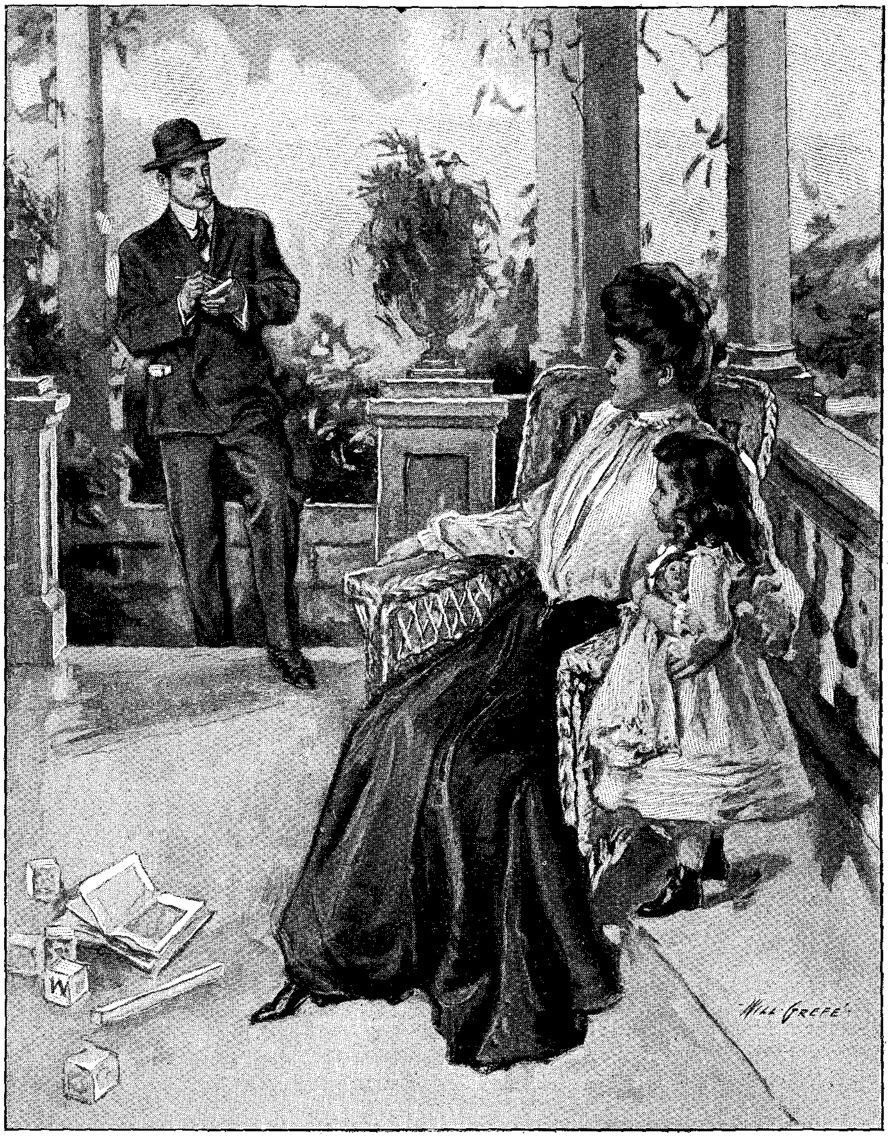
LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1905, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

COPYRIGHT 1905 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



After you have given the grocer's man your order for tea, sugar, flour, coffee, biscuit, breakfast food, eggs, and vegetables, add "And a quarter's worth of Ivory Soap."

Ivory Soap is the handiest thing you can have around the house.

You can use it in the bathroom, in the washroom, in every bedroom, in the kitchen, and in the laundry. There is no better soap than Ivory—none which is at once so economical, so pure, or which can be used for so many different purposes.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as Ivory; they are not, but like all imitations they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

Ivory Soap — 99$\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

The Outlook

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905

Mayor Weaver and the Philadelphia Gas Situation

Municipal events happened with such rapidity in Philadelphia last week that even the hourly editions of the papers seemed to be inadequate to detail them. The "gang's" defiance of the Mayor in overriding eight vetoes of badly drawn or ill-advised ordinances as a preliminary to the passage of the seventy-five years' gas lease had a different effect from that intended by those who planned it as an exhibition of brutal and unreasoning political power. It aroused Mayor Weaver and enlisted him and all the great powers of the Mayoralty flatly and definitely on the side of the people and their long outraged rights. It is no longer a fight against the gas lease (although that is not being lost sight of); it is a clear-cut fight of the people against the Republican machine, with Mayor Weaver as the leader of the former. It had been known that he would veto the ordinance, but it was generally conceded that, unless extreme measures were taken, the veto could easily be overcome. Mayor Weaver took these extreme measures. He began by suspending a ward leader, who was an inspector; then he suspended the Assistant Director of Supplies, another ward leader; and then he removed summarily (after they had refused to resign unconditionally) his Directors of Public Safety and Public Works, who between them control nearly eight thousand appointments, including the police and firemen. The Mayor could not have hit a harder blow, because it deprived the machine of its control of the two most important departments of municipal activity. Colonel Sheldon Potter, a member of the Committee of Seventy, and Mr. A. Lincoln Acker, an Independent Republican, were appointed to fill the vacancies, but they had exercised the functions of their office but a very few hours when a temporary injunction was granted restraining them from performing any duties. This was the machine's return blow, but it still further alienated public opinion and angered the people. In the meantime these two important offices were left without official heads. Mayor Weaver took possession of the offices, with an intimation that force would be applied if necessary, and announced that he would control these offices until the courts ruled on the legal questions. Mr. Weaver has retained Mr. Elihu Root, of New York, and ex-Judge Gordon, of Philadelphia, to represent him. He is fighting every single step, and intimates his intention to carry on the fight to the end.

* * *

A Political Revolution

Never, perhaps, in the history of an American municipality has there been such a complete enheartening of the people and so striking a response to a courageous act as followed the prompt and decisive measures which Mayor Weaver took. The lethargy is gone, and the people seem to feel as if they had come into their own. Mayor Weaver, who for two years has tried to keep in line with the machine and at the same time serve the people, saw that in Philadelphia at least there can be no such compromise, and, to his great credit, he came out on the side of the people in a way that has been likened by one of the papers in a cartoon to the "Spirit of '76." The opposition to the gas lease has grown with tremendous rapidity. Great mass-meetings of business men have been held in the Bourse. Ward meetings have everywhere been held. Committees have hunted up recalcitrant Councilmen and demanded an accounting. The Commercial Exchange hissed one of its members who voted for the lease when he appeared on the floor of the Exchange to do business. Several wards have been placarded with the pictures of

Councilmen and of their homes, so that people may know them and know where to make their protests. The papers published the addresses and telephone numbers of the Councilmen, so that between the action of the Mayor in removing the patronage from their grasp, the indignation of their constituents, and the threatened loss of business (for the boycott has been threatened), they are in an unhappy and uncomfortable frame of mind. The "gang" is maintaining a defiant front and is preparing to fight—just the thing the people of Philadelphia need to keep them "keyed up"—but gas works have wrecked two machines, and it looks as if they would wreck this. In the meantime the people are rejoicing that they have in the Mayor's chair a man who has not failed them at the crucial moment, and John Weaver has taken a high place in the hearts of the people and bids fair to make a notable reputation for himself as a faithful conservator of the people's interests and as a means for restoring to Philadelphia its almost lost liberties. Before the week ended the Supreme Court granted an appeal from the preliminary injunction, which will act as a supersedeas and enable Mayor Weaver's appointees, Messrs. Acker and Potter, to discharge the duties of their offices until the legal questions involved are settled.

❀

The Boston Gas Conflict Philadelphia is not the only city in which public-spirited citizens have had recently to fight vigorously against encroachments upon public rights and good government by the gas companies. Boston has just passed through a conflict over the question of gas, which, although it has not attracted great public attention, is nevertheless, in our opinion, very significant. In 1894 Massachusetts passed a series of acts directed against the stock-watering of corporations, and since that time the anti-stock-watering policy of the State has been systematically enforced. A bill was introduced and passed in 1903 providing for a reorganization and consolidation of the badly demoralized gas companies occupying the Boston field. A legislative committee was appointed to frame and report a satisfactory bill—and the fight was on. There is in Boston a Public Franchise League composed of public-spirited citizens who are combined to secure the best possible legislation and prevent the granting of franchise privileges inimical to the public interest. In the present gas fight the Public Franchise League and the State Board of Trade have stood out strongly against the over-capitalization of the consolidated gas interests, since this would inevitably lead to overcharging the consumer for gas, on the plea that the capital stock must earn a reasonable interest. On the executive committee of the Public Franchise League, which has been conducting this campaign of education and public defense, are to be found such lawyers as Louis D. Brandeis, George B. Upham, and E. A. Adler; such business men as James B. Carter, one of the directors of the Boston Merchants' Association and the State Board of Trade, Charles M. Cox, director of the Chamber of Commerce, E. A. Filene, Andrew G. Webster, director of the Boston Merchants' Association, B. F. Keith, of theatrical fame, and Lawrence Minott, President of the Good Government Association; and such philanthropists as Dr. Morton Prince, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., and Robert A. Woods. This executive committee made very careful investigations into the exact facts and prepared statements which the consumers of gas had every right to have; but The Outlook is informed that the committee was handicapped in bringing these facts before the people of Boston on account of the indifferent or inimical attitude of the daily press. The gas companies were printing in the leading daily papers large advertisements stating their claims and attacking the criticisms upon the legislation which they were endeavoring to have passed. Some of these journals refused the publication of the Public Franchise League's replies to the gas trust, on the ground that the gas companies had paid a large sum to put their views before the public, and the Public Franchise League would have to pay at the same rate. It was a perfectly simple business proposition, these newspapers said. A carefully compiled statement of the result of the investigations of the State Board of Trade was refused by such well-known papers as the "Herald," "Globe," "Advertiser," and "Journal," as was also the disclosure of the fact by the Public Franchise League that out of every dollar paid for gas by the consumer, thirty-six cents goes as net profit to the gas trust. It is very obvious that committees of citizens cannot compete with gas capitalists in buying up advertising space in the press, and it also ought to be evident to the public that when a great corporation wins the victory in a contest of this kind, it charges all the expenses of the fight to the consumer.

❀

The Charges Against the Press

That this charge of an attempt on the part of the gas trust of Boston to influence the newspapers by the use of money is not an indefinite one is indicated by the following extract from the Springfield "Republican" of April 18:

> The "Republican" has received from the office of the Boston Elevated Railway Company, over the signature of J. Harvey White, the following letter, addressed to the advertising manager:
>
> Enclosed you will find copy of a reading matter ad. to be used in your paper Tuesday, April 18. It is understood that this will be set as news matter in news type, with a news head at the top of the column and without advertising marks of any sort. First-page position is desired unless your rules debar that position, in which case give it the best position possible. Please send your bill at the lowest net cash rates to the undersigned at the above address.
>
> The above pertains to an alleged letter or despatch which predicts a compromise in the Boston gas controversy that will be "satisfactory to all interested parties." The point of view which the gas companies would like to have the public take is then set forth with much art, under the guise of a report of the situation by some one whom the reader must assume to be a disinterested observer. It is needless to say that the "Republican" declines to lend itself to such uses. Thus, by the expenditure of money, the attempt is made to mislead and to make an illegitimate use of newspapers. Such letters or despatches are a fraud upon the public, and any such effort to pass from the advertising to the reading columns ought to be resented by all self-respecting journals.

What a condition of corrupt public morals corporate methods such as these may lead to, our readers may see portrayed in Philadelphia. It is a satisfaction to add that in the Boston conflict the citizens' committee was very largely successful, and forced the gas trust to agree to legislation which provides for a fairly reasonable capitalization of the consolidated gas companies and for a reduction of the price of gas from one dollar to ninety cents as a maximum. The bill is generally conceded to be a victory for the people's interest. The Outlook wonders how long it will be before corporations of the greedy type discover the fact that they are doing more than all the so-called enemies of capital combined to hasten the day of the municipal ownership and operation of public utilities.

❀

A Good Example of Industrial Conciliation

Telephone-users in the vicinity of New York City are pleasantly aware of the fact that the New York Telephone Company has recently made a material reduction in its telephone rates. The causes which led to this reduction and the methods by which the rates were fixed deserve some public notice. Acting upon what appeared to be a somewhat general feeling that the telephone rates in New York were too high, the Merchants' Association of this city, in May, 1904, began, through a committee of its officers and leading members, to make a thorough investigation of the subject. It required nearly a year of patient labor to complete the investigation. From the beginning of the inquiry the search for information was made easy and agreeable owing to the attitude of the officers of the New York Telephone Company, who, instead of trying to place obstacles in the way of the investigators, as has so often been done when civic associations have attempted to acquire knowledge of the affairs of corporations, met them in a spirit of good will, offering freely to furnish all reasonable and proper facts concerning the business of the company. The investigating committee and the officers of the telephone company, after conference, agreed that the reasonableness of rates could be determined by two, and only two, material factors—first, the actual investment of capital in the telephone plant, and, second, the net earnings therefrom. To determine the amount of the actual investment in the telephone plant, the Merchants' Association engaged the services of Messrs. Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co., an engineering company of National reputation; as to earnings, the New York Audit Company, composed of accountants of high standing, made a complete investigation of the books of the company for a period of sixteen years. The investigation disclosed that the average annual percentage of net earnings upon the capital actually invested in the business during this period of sixteen years was a fraction over eleven per cent., and that during the year 1904 it amounted to a fraction over fourteen per cent. The Merchants' Association and the telephone managers mutually agreed that net earnings of ten per cent. were reasonable in view of the nature of the business, and it was thereupon determined to reduce telephone rates to bring the net earnings down to that figure. We cannot here go into the somewhat complex and difficult calculations necessary mathematically to determine the reduction which would produce the specific result desired. The main thing is that the Merchants' Association, representing the citizens of New York, and the officers and directors of the New York Telephone Company, representing invested capital, by conference and discussion, united on a practical method of reducing the cost to the public of the admirable telephone system of this city, which is no longer a luxury, but an absolute necessity. The New York system is said by experts to be the finest example of telephone engineering in the world. The number of telephones has grown in ten years from about twelve thousand to more than one hundred and fifty thousand. The efficiency of telephonic communication has been carried to such a high degree of perfection that it is almost as essential to the welfare of the life of the city as some of the so-called great public utilities. The officers of the New York Telephone Company have set an admirable example to other great corporations in the spirit with which they have regarded their functions to be those of public servants as well as private financiers. The Outlook is glad to put on record this instance of what may be accomplished for the public good when corporations consider that they have duties to the consumer as well as to the stockholder.

❀

Breaking the Fruit-Car Monopoly

The Michigan fruit-shippers have grievances of long standing against the private-car monopoly which until the present season has held their business in its grasp. An action brought against the Michigan Central Railroad before the Inter-State Commerce Commission resulted in a declaration on the part of the railroad corporation that hereafter it would use its own refrigerator cars, charging shippers exact cost for the icing service. Former testimony before the Commission had shown that these icing charges had been advanced by the monopoly (known as the Armour Car Lines) from three hundred to four hundred per cent. In consideration of this pledge from the Michigan Central, the case was dismissed by the Commission as to that railroad. Reductions of between fifteen and thirty per cent. in these excessive charges had been offered by the Armour Company, but had not been accepted by the commission merchants or by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The Flint and Père Marquette Railroad still has a contract with the car trust and has no refrigerator cars of its own. It will thus be at a decided disadvantage in competing for shipments with the Michigan Central. The fruit men of Michigan regard the monopoly as broken. A few days after the announcement of the Michigan Central's position in the matter certain disclosures were made before the Inter-State Commerce Commission at Chicago which had a tendency to intensify the public indignation against the private-car trust. A former employee of the Armour Car Lines, Streyckmans by name, gave important testimony concerning the system of rebates to shippers, the methods of bookkeeping by which the prices paid by the Armour Company to certain railroads for ice are falsified, and the practice, common to several railroads, of paying the Armour Company a bonus of $10 a car for "routing" fruit shipments over their lines. The secret cipher code employed by the Armour Company in transmitting instructions regarding rebates was offered in evidence. This code contained words intended to be used in giving instructions to agents to avoid service of summons to testify before the Inter-State Commerce Commission. There was even a code word for the name of each member of the Commission. The articles by Mr. Charles E. Russell in "Everybody's Magazine" have brought out many facts not touched upon by the Garfield report, which tend to show that the trust had good reason to evade official inquiries.

❀

The Case of Ju Toy We have received a letter from the Assistant Attorney-General, Mr. James C. McReynolds, who represented the Government before the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the deported Chinaman, Ju Toy. He thinks that, for want of entire familiarity with the history of the case, The Outlook has misinterpreted the effect of the decision, and his interpretation of it as he gives it to us in this letter must be regarded as official and in some sense authoritative. That interpretation is afforded by the following paragraph:

> The Government was of opinion that Congress had constituted the immigration officers a special tribunal to try all matters of fact—not law—relating to the right of an applicant to be admitted into the United States, and that in habeas corpus proceedings the findings of fact made by them should be treated by the court as conclusive unless directly impeached in some one of the well-understood methods, *e.g.*, for fraud or manifest wrong, or because no evidence supported it. It maintained that, as an investigation by the officers was imperative under the statute, and was absolutely essential to the orderly administration of the law, some effect should be given to their decision, and that the courts should not entirely ignore their action and proceed to try the whole case anew because of a bare claim of citizenship. In the Ju Toy case the Court sustained this position. While the case in question arose under the Chinese exclusion acts, the principle involved applies to all our immigration laws. The result is to give the findings of immigration officers upon all questions of fact—including the facts as to citizenship—conclusive effect unless such findings, or the proceedings before them, are in some way directly impeached. In other words, the ruling which those officers are required to make is binding on one who seeks admission, unless alleged and shown to have been wrongful; and an entirely new trial in court cannot be secured by simply alleging citizenship and without reference to the original examination. This doctrine is not novel, and has been applied many times by the Supreme Court.

Mr. McReynolds objects to our statement that under the Chinese immigration law the Chinaman "can have nothing approximating a trial. If the accusation is that he is a Chinaman, the examination is in secret and with only such witnesses as the officer designates. Proof of citizenship, however conclusive, is of no avail, for he is not permitted to present it to any judicial tribunal." A trial, says Mr. McReynolds, is provided for, and unless it be fair and the conclusion supported by evidence, the courts may give relief through writs of habeas corpus. And he calls our attention to the opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes in a previous case, that the law providing that the examination into the right of the Chinaman to land "shall be conducted in the presence of government officials, and such witness or witnesses only as the officer shall designate," does not authorize the officer to refuse to summon any witnesses whom the Chinaman may desire summoned. The reference is not to witnesses for the Chinaman, but to witnesses to the proceeding who are not concerned in the case. This certainly gives to the rule a very different interpretation from that which The Outlook gave to it. This decision of the Supreme Court is defended, furthermore, on practical grounds:

> Manifestly, if every one of the hundreds of thousands of people who apply for admission into the United States each year can, by a bare assertion of birth and consequent citizenship therein, demand and obtain a trial in court of his pretensions, it may become practically impossible to administer the immigration laws at all.

We give to Mr. Reynolds's interpretation and defense of the decision of the Court the same prominence which we gave to our original report, and without further comment except to say that in our judgment it is a grave mistake to leave the question of the right of an immigrant to land on our shores to be determined after the ship reaches port. In some way provision should be made for such an extension or modification of the passport system that no Chinaman or other immigrant should be allowed to land without the possession of a properly attested passport, and that the possession of such a passport should be *prima facie* evidence of his right to land, behind which no port officer should go, unless there are special circumstances to justify suspicion and demand further investigation. This question, however, we reserve for future consideration.

❀

English Politics The tension of feeling in England was indicated by an unusual outbreak of violence in the House of Commons during one of the sessions last week. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, moved an adjournment for the purpose of discussing a recent conference held by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, the purpose being to draw from Mr. Balfour a definite statement of his position toward Mr. Chamberlain, which is believed to have changed very materially since the English elections have indicated that the English electorate is not moving in Mr. Chamberlain's direction, and to fasten upon the Premier the opprobrium of violating the pledge which he gave some time ago not to make an active protectionist propaganda until after the dissolution of Parliament. The Colonial Secretary, the Right Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, rose to explain the position of the Government, and was met by a determined effort to silence him by a process known in England as "booing." Whenever he opened his mouth, the Opposition drowned him with cries and hootings quite after the worst manner of disorderly hours in the French Chamber of Deputies, though without attempts at personal violence. Mr. Balfour refused to speak, on the ground that the Ministry had a right to delegate such of its members to respond as it saw fit, and that there was no duty which compelled him to respond in person to the charge of the Opposition. The tumult became so great that the Speaker dissolved the House. It is no secret that Mr. Balfour intends that the next general election shall turn, not on the question of Mr. Chamberlain's tariff policy, but on the Home Rule question, and the Liberals will do everything in their power to prevent a shifting of base. They are confident that on the question of the tariff they can put the Government out of office. The Irish question is the specter in the background of both political parties. Lord Dunraven has just published a pamphlet which has special significance because he has long been looked upon as one of the most reactionary of landlords. He has put forth a plan which involves economic relief for Ireland and the concession of a considerable degree of self-government. Taking the Irish Land Act of 1903 as a basis, he proposes gradually to secure for Ireland the control of her own affairs. This plea from such a source will not aid Mr. Balfour in his endeavor to rally the English electorate against further concessions of Home Rule to Ireland.

❀

The Union of Baptists North and South The most important event at the National Baptist Anniversaries, held in St. Louis May 15–23, was the union of the Baptists of the North and the South. The movement for union was inaugurated at a conference last January in New York City. This conference, composed of representatives from the North and the South, decided that such a union was feasible and desirable, and a Committee of Nine was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and to make arrangements for a joint conference at the St. Louis Anniversaries in May. The Baptists of this country had only one National missionary organization until 1845. It was called the Triennial Convention. But the agitation of the slavery question divided the Baptists of the North and the South, as it divided other denominations. For sixty years the denomination has been divided. Each side naturally criticised the methods of work of the other side. There have been some misunderstandings, especially in reference to the education and training of the negroes of the South. The denominational papers in some instances kept up the controversies, and overzealous speakers often fanned the flame of sectional feeling. But the memories of the Civil War have been dying out. Many Southern pastors have taken Northern pulpits, and many Northern pastors have taken Southern pulpits. Good fellowship between the two sections has been growing rapidly, especially during the last ten years. The Baptist Young People's Union of America has been effective in bringing about the amalgamation of the denomination North and South. The Southern Baptist Convention met in Kansas City, and its sessions closed on May 15. On the next day hundreds of Southern delegates were thronging the Third Baptist Church in St. Louis, where the Baptists of the North were holding their National Anniversaries. The climax of spiritual power and dramatic effect was reached on May 17, when the Committee of Nine read their report on Permanent Organization. Some feared sensational attacks upon the constitution and the principle of union reported by the Committee of Nine. The atmosphere was vibrant with great hopes and some fears.

❀

The New Convention Organized

The adoption of the report was moved by the Rev. Edward Judson, D.D., of New York, son of the distinguished Baptist missionary Dr. Adoniram Judson. It was seconded by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, Virginia, who is one of the strongest leaders in the South. Both addresses abounded with wisdom, sanity, eloquence, and good fellowship. The current for union between the Baptists of the North and the South was so powerful that no man ventured to stem the tide. The speakers of the North and the South vied with each other in concessions and in affection and fraternity. A few minor changes were made in the by-laws, and, after free discussion, a vote was taken on adopting the constitution and by-laws for a permanent organization, and the motion was carried, amid intense enthusiasm, without one dissenting vote. This new organization will not exercise legislative functions. But its opinions will have great weight. It will meet in 1906, and afterwards every three years. It is called "The General Convention of Baptists of North America." It will include Baptists of Canada and our island possessions, as well as those of the United States. This area has over 5,000,000 Baptists, with a Baptist population, including adherents, of 20,000,000. Women may be elected by churches as delegates. Churches of all nationalities are included, and among the speakers at the St. Louis General Convention were two eloquent colored preachers from the South. The President chosen is the Hon. E. W. Stephens, of Missouri, who is also President of the Southern Baptist Convention, while the Vice-Presidents and Executive Committee represent all parts of the United States.

❀

Other Proceedings

In harmony with this achievement in church union was also the report of the committee chosen to investigate the matter of welcoming Free Will Baptist churches which desire to unite with the Baptist denomination. This report was favorable. It is believed that many Free Will Baptist churches, especially in the West, will act upon this invitation. An evangelistic movement was also initiated. It will be put in the charge of a general evangelist, who will organize evangelistic meetings in towns and cities, in schools, colleges, and theological seminaries, and in the State Conventions. A resolution calling upon the United States Government to modify the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed. The sentiment of the representatives of the churches for civic honesty and public order was roused by the address of Governor Folk, himself a Baptist, who in his address of welcome skillfully made evident to his hearers the responsibility which rests upon the people of high moral ideals in the community. "There has been too much," he said, "of making laws to please the moral element and then not enforcing them to please the immoral element." In accordance with the custom, the Baptist missionary societies met at the time and place of the Convention. At the meeting of the American Baptist Missionary Union, which is the Foreign Missionary Society, a resolution was passed deploring the horrible conditions on the Congo, and calling on the United States Government to investigate the conditions existing in the Congo Free State. The missionaries report terrible cruelties and injustice practiced by officials and soldiers upon the helpless natives. Special effort was evident on behalf of two funds, one for foreign missionary work, the other for educational purposes. The meeting of the General Convention was marked by the sudden death of Dr. Cushing, President of the Baptist College at Rangoon, Burma, a man widely recognized for his scholarship and devotion.

❀

The Presbyterian General Assembly The proposed union with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was the matter of widest interest before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, North, in session at Winona Lake, Indiana, as we go to press. Both Churches have approved the union, the former by a small, the latter by a large, majority of presbyteries. But unsettled questions remain before it can be consummated. If a satisfactory agreement is reached, action may be taken next year, which would result in effecting formal union in 1907. A telegram from President Roosevelt was read, expressing the hope that all the branches of the Presbyterian Church might be united in one great body. A matter of theological interest was introduced by a request from the Presbytery of Westminster, Pennsylvania, for an inquiry whether the Presbytery of Nassau, Long Island, is retaining in its membership one or more persons who publicly denounce Presbyterian doctrines. On the ground that such an inquiry belongs to the Synod of New York, no action was taken on this, but a resolution was unanimously adopted warning against insidious, insolent, and disastrous forms of modern unbelief, and calling on the Church to be loyal to its historic faith. While this resolution, and the request which occasioned it, were phrased in general terms, it was understood that the case referred to by the Westminster Presbytery was that of Dr. Carter, reported by The Outlook last winter.

❀

The Assembly's Proceedings Dr. James D. Moffatt, for twenty-three years President of Washington and Jefferson College, at Washington, Pennsylvania, was chosen Moderator for this year by acclamation. In seconding his nomination, Dr. Henry, of Missouri, referred to him as the great pacificator in the momentous discussions of the past ten years. Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, was named as Vice-Moderator. The work of the Evangelistic Committee for the past four years, under the lead of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, received warm attestation as fruitful in results. It had wrought a great change, said Dr. J. Balcom Shaw, in many Presbyterian pulpits. A loving-cup was presented to Mr. John H. Converse, of Philadelphia, whose munificence has greatly aided this work. The missions of the Church show no debt upon the home work, and a small reduction of the debt upon the foreign work, now amounting to about $38,000. But a falling off of nearly thirty-three per cent. is reported by the Board of Education in the number of theological students. The case of Senator Smoot was made the subject of a resolution asking the Senate to purge itself, by his expulsion, from all complicity with the crimes of the Mormon hierarchy. The subject of marriage and divorce was touched by a resolution in approval of the recommendations of the Interdenominational Conference, viz., that ministers should refuse to officiate in the marriage of divorced persons, except in the case of an innocent party divorced on "Scriptural grounds," and in such a case not till the lapse of a year after the divorce. The project of a "Presbyterian Cathedral" at Washington, of which Justice Harlan is an earnest promoter, is likely to be in the air for some time, but is not unlikely of ultimate realization. The Assembly is to meet next year at Des Moines, Iowa.

❀

Mrs. Livermore The death of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore leaves only Mrs. Howe and Miss Anthony in the group of women of very striking personality who have been foremost in the movement for woman's suffrage for more than a generation. Born in Boston in 1821, educated in the public schools of that city and in a seminary for girls in Charlestown, Mrs. Livermore taught school for a time in Virginia, and later conducted a school of her own in Duxbury, revealing remarkable gifts as an instructor, gifts not only of mind but of personality, which made her an inspiring teacher and gave her great power of influencing her pupils. On her marriage to Dr. Livermore she moved to Fall River, but did not diminish in any way her public activities. On the contrary, she was at the beginning of a career of marvelous energy, which showed an unusual degree of physical and mental vitality. For twenty years she was largely absorbed in working for temperance reform. In 1857, on the removal of Dr. Livermore to Chicago, Mrs. Livermore became formally an assistant, but in reality the working editor of a religious newspaper which her husband took under his charge. When the war broke out, she devoted herself heart and soul to the work of the Sanitary Commission. At a great meeting in Dubuque in 1863 she made her first appearance as a public speaker, and gave an account of her work so impressive and effective that she at once made a place for herself as an orator. At the close of the war Mrs. Livermore gave herself to the woman's suffrage movement, started "The Agitator" in Chicago, and later, in 1870, removed to Boston and edited for a time the "Woman's Journal." From that day until her death she devoted the greater part of her time to the advancement of the suffrage movement. She was a remarkably attractive, persuasive, and effective speaker, and she became one of the most popular lecturers of the day, traveling constantly and speaking in almost all parts of the country. She was by nature an ardent reformer, and every new movement appealed to her. She was deeply interested in the Chautauqua idea, in Indian affairs, and later in the researches of the Psychical Society. She wrote a number of books, none of first-class importance or probably of permanent value, but all showing her versatility, her earnestness, and her skill in statement. She had a wide acquaintance with men and women of note, a vivid temperament, and a very interesting personality.

❀

A Piece of Folly

An amendment to the bill for the separation of Church and State now before the French Senate furnishes a new illustration of the intensity of the anti-religious feeling among a certain group in France and of the lack of humor and of the sense of historical values which has so often limited the usefulness and blinded the judgment of radicals of the doctrinaire order. It is proposed to rename the holidays in France so as to deprive them of all religious association. Christmas, for instance, is to become "Family Day," while the great festival of the Assumption, so dear to the hearts of Roman Catholics throughout Europe, which falls on August 15, will be called, if this measure passes, "The Feast of Harvest." These two proposals sufficiently indicate the grotesque lack of humor into which extreme doctrinairism almost always falls, and its inability to understand historical values, the sacredness of old associations, and the fact that institutions, observances, and names are not to be arbitrarily changed. This proposed action recalls the calendar of the Revolution, with its artificial and absurd renaming of the old holidays. It is hardly conceivable that France will allow this bill to become law. It is not likely that the French Ministry will attempt to pull up by the roots, so to speak, those associations which have made the holidays dear to the French of fifty generations.

❀

Educational Reactionaries Repulsed

Since our editorial of last week on "The School Situation in New York" the forces for shortening the school day and for the elimination of the so-called "fads" have met with a serious check. At a meeting of the Studies Committee of the Board of Education a hearing was given in order to allow the critics of the modern curriculum an opportunity to present their arguments. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the speakers favored the retention of the newer studies and objected to the shortening of the school day. Though no final action has been taken as yet by the Board of Education, this hearing resulted in such a strong expression of popular opinion that it seems hardly possible that any reactionary action can now be taken. It is an encouraging fact that the opinion of parents as gathered by special canvass made by the New York "Globe" was overwhelmingly for the more enlightened position. Political interests in the city would not be averse to shortening the school day, for that would be an easy method by which to accommodate more children without building new schoolhouses; certain pedantic minds would be gratified by the elimination of certain studies and exercises on the ground that "the whole matter is greatly confused by the injection of humanitarian and alleged sociological considerations into a problem essentially educational;" but the instinct of the parents, plain people, and many of them probably not highly educated, has so far outwitted the politicians and has left the pedant talking to himself.

❀

Work and Play

Nothing has appeared more significant of the changed attitude of the American world of to-day towards recreation than the place given to play in various forms in our schools; it is an evidence of the growing intelligence and breadth of view of the public in this country in regard to the content and scope of education. That play should be considered a part of the normal life, to have place and space on a level with the regular duties and work of instruction, would have seemed to our ancestors educational heresy of the very worst sort, and they would have protested, as some of their descendants are protesting, against the letting down of discipline, the disappearance of the old divisions between those things which are necessary and those which are superfluous. They would have regarded this change of attitude as significant of the decay of serious purpose, and they would have predicted an emasculated generation. And in this matter, as in many others, they would have been wrong; not because they were less capable than ourselves, but because they had not had so wide an experience of life; because their view of education was limited by their general conception of the normal range of activities, and by their exclusion from that range of a great many interests and occupations which the modern man demands because his nature needs them.

The whole conception of education, moreover, was based on a study of the adult mind; it conformed to the psychology of maturity, although it was dealing with the psychological period of childhood. Froebel was the first thinker along educational lines to make the psychology of childhood the basis of an educational system, and he was the first, not to discern, but to formulate and systematize, the uses and the influence of play as a part of education. He saw what many men and women have always felt instinctively, that play is not the idle and unintelligent overflow of youthful vitality, but the earliest putting forth of the energy of the spirit and the body, first as a spontaneous self-expression, and next as forming a connection with the outer world. The place of play in the education of children is not yet fully understood, nor appreciated at anything like its just value; but the kindergarten has done a great deal to open the eyes of society to the fact that play is as legitimate and as necessary as study in the development of the child; that it precedes formal instruction, and is a kind of middle term between the earliest training of the home and the first formal training in the primary school; that it must supplement instruction and discipline through the whole of childhood; that it has a great and proper place in the education of youth, and that it is a part of the full life of maturity and age.

Trinity, the summer term at the English universities, seems to the American visitor, who sees the life of Oxford and Cambridge in May or June for the first time, a mere play-spell. Everybody is out-of-doors; tennis-courts and cricket-grounds are crowded with players, the river is alive with moving craft of all sorts that can be pulled by oars; the universities are afield and afloat during May and June. To the casual observer nobody seems to be doing any work with books, and, as a matter of fact, very much less work is being done than during the autumn or winter. Nevertheless, there is probably no part of undergraduate life at Oxford and Cambridge which is more educational than the out-of-door life of Trinity Term. It is in those sports, conducted, as the English conduct them, not so much with reference to the competitive element as to all-around development, that the English university man owes much of his vigor of body, his coolness in emergencies, his resolute command of situations, his nerve and poise. The remark attributed to Wellington, that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket-fields of Eton, contains a great deal of truth, whatever its origin. The English have understood for generations that play has as much to do with that which makes a man as work. They have been heroic workers in all departments of life, but they have also been sportsmen of the keenest devotion to the various forms of pastime. There has been a notable decrease of the coarser forms of vice since athletics has absorbed so large a part of the vitality of youth. In America devotion to out-of-door sports has been in many colleges too ardent; the value of athletics has been overemphasized, there has been a confusion of intellectual and physical values in the minds of many undergraduates, and certain commercial and professional elements have entered into the American college sports which are greatly to be deplored. Nevertheless, in the American as in the English institutions of higher learning, play has taken its place as an educational activity of permanent value.

The growing interest in out-of-door life in this country, manifested not only in all forms of activity on land and water, but in a widespread desire to understand natural life, in the increasing demand for books about nature, in the well-nigh universal acceptance of the vacation idea, is one of the most helpful signs of the broadening of American life. The love of recreation has taken on an organized form at the very moment when the work of the American world is heaviest and the demands on the strength and time of capable men are increasing. There is not the slightest doubt that golf has saved the life of thousands of overworked men of business, and is prolonging the life of other thousands who, save for their devotion to this game, would be putting all their time and strength into their occupations. Recreation is to-day as much a part of the programme of the great majority of the leaders of finance as work. They have learned that they cannot carry their burdens and discharge their functions with freshness, keenness, and power unless they keep themselves in first-class physical condition. America has gone out of-doors just in time to save many of its most capable and efficient organizers and leaders. The fact that out-of-door interests are absorbing some men to the entire exclusion of other interests does not in the least diminish their value or their necessity. It is the American tendency to carry everything to extremes, to seize every new invention or form of amusement and exhaust its novelty and its superficial interest within two or three years. The past is strewn with out-of-door occupations and amusements into which men have rushed in hordes only to drop them when their novelty was gone. This is the expression of the American temperament on its restless side, but there are other hundreds of thousands of men and women who are taking the out-of-door life rationally, giving recreation a normal place among other occupations and interests, and are gaining as a result health of body, of spirit, and of mind.

❀

Love and Law

The most sublime divination ever made by men is the declaration that God is Love. The audacity of it in a world devastated by sorrow and a society ruled by force is evidence of its truth. Through clouds of ignorance, amid cries of anguish, in the presence of victorious crimes and enthroned and sceptered wrongs, compassed about with apparently overwhelming evidences of moral chaos and spiritual wreck, the genius that is in the soul of the race flashed a sudden light on the very heart of the mystery and found Love seated there, immortal, invincible, omnipotent. Since that heroic word of faith was spoken there have been two thousand years of strife and misery and confusion; society has been shaken again and again by destructive forces and rebuilt only to be wrecked afresh; the old order has passed and the new has come only to become old itself and yield to the pressure of the later need; the world has been lifted for the first time into a light of knowledge of its races and their conditions well-nigh complete; and men are appalled by the work to be done before human conditions are made wholesome and safe.

Through all the confusion without and within, the vision of Love enthroned has never faded from the thought and faith of the spiritually-minded. Not only have all other explanations of the universe seemed incredible, but to reason itself have come great confirmations of the truth of the sublime divination, as through clouds and darkness science has discerned the outlines of an order, not fixed and arbitrary, but vital, ascending, passing on through the passion for self to the passion for others, and predicting the other great truth that love and law are spirit and method in a sublime progression of creative energy.

The apparent antithesis between law and love has not only led to numberless confusions of thought, but is due to a confusion of thought. Law has been set before the mind of the race as austere, inflexible, divinely inexorable; the very structure of the moral order, the very fiber of the moral nature, something so august and sovereign that the gods have bowed before it; a force behind all forces as the Fates or Norns watched in deep shadow behind Zeus and Odin, and measured their span of life with relentless fingers. Love, on the other hand, has been pictured as a beautiful emotion, a divine impulse, a cherishing tenderness, a yearning over men which forgot their offenses in its passion for helping them, but lacking divine rigor of righteousness. Law commanded, but love persuaded; law punished, but love pardoned; law enforced obedience by terrible penalties. love stood beside the culprit and bore the penalties with him. Good men of logical mind have not only failed to understand the nature of Love, but have been distrustful of its integrity and doubtful of its power to govern.

There have been a thousand misapprehensions of Love because its lower have been so often mistaken for its higher manifestations. Those who love are often blind, but Love is never blind; those who love are always weak through ignorance, but Love is open-eyed and strong. The mother who defeats the growth of her child by releasing it from a distasteful discipline is not devoted but ignorant; the father who shields his son from the penalties that might arrest the downward tendency is not tender but cruel. Love neither evades nor conceals, because it seeks only the best, not the easiest or the most comfortable way for one upon whom it lavishes its wealth. Law apprehends the offender if it discovers him, brings him to the bar and punishes him. It sees only the deed and can punish only the doer; its vision and its power are wholly external. Love discerns what is in the heart, commands the offender to confess the offense which is still undiscovered, because by confession alone can the spirit be set right; forces the sinner whom it loves into the hands of law, stands beside him in the dock, bears with him the awful words of judgment, and goes with him to the prison which is the only way back to honor and peace. Before law moved, Love saw the offense and gathered its awful sternness; after law has forgotten, Love bears the disgrace and carries the badge of shame and endures because it punishes only to save. Law takes the culprit to the cell and locks the door, Love goes into prison and shares the humiliation and misery.

For if Love is the most beautiful thing in the world, it is also the most terrible; God is Love because in his presence no evil can live; to all who are out of right relation with him he is a consuming fire. Hell, whatever form it take, is not the measure of his wrath, but of his passion for purity; not the process by which he punishes, but by which he purifies. Even if it were only a place of torment he must be in it, for wherever the spirits of men cry out unconsciously in the bitterness of misdirected energy, lost opportunity, infidelity to the highest in them, there he must be; and where he is, there may be suffering but there cannot be the torment of despair. Law regulates the conduct, but Love cleanses the very springs of being; law punishes, but Love compels the rebuilding of the nature. The return to life is often far more painful than death; and the power which banishes death imposes the agony of rebirth. Love cannot pause until it has brought out the highest nobility in the spirit to which it gives itself; cannot rest until it has made final happiness sure by perfect purification:

"Love is incompatible
With falsehood,—purifies, assimilates
All other passions to itself."

Because God is Love the universe must finally be cleansed to its outermost edge; because he loves men, there must come the suffering, denial, punishment, which constitute the education of the spirit into freedom and power.

If a man would live at ease, let him beware of Love. If he love a country, it may call him suddenly to hardship and death; if he love Art, it will set him heart-breaking lessons of trial and self-surrender; if he love Truth, it will call him to part company with his friend; if he love men, their sorrows will sit by his fire and shadow its brightness; if he love some other soul as the life of his life, he must put his happiness at the hazard of every day's chances of life and death; if he give himself to some great devotion, he must be ready to be searched through and through as by fingers of fire, to be called higher and higher by a voice which takes no heed of obstacles, to live day by day in the presence of an ideal which accepts nothing less perfect than itself.

For Love is a more terrible master than law, and they who follow must stand ready to strip themselves of all lesser possessions. Dante looked at the terrors of Hell and heard the groans of Purgatory before he found Beatrice waiting to walk beside him in the ineffable sweetness and peace of Paradise; for the keys of the heavenly place were in the hands of Love.

A National Professorship

The establishment of a Graduate Chair in the Department of Homiletics at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, announced at its recent Commencement exercises, is something more than an event in the history of that institution or even in the progress of theological education in America. It is a sign of the times, an expression of the present-day religious attitude of a great number of the American people. This chair, created and endowed by Mr. Morris K. Jesup, is not for the purpose of fostering research, or of increasing the sum of knowledge, but rather of turning the already reservoired energy, which is the scholarship of the Seminary, into the sort of power which the churches can use. In his letter indicating his purpose Mr. Jesup expressed his sympathy with the present scholarly aims of the Seminary and his opinion that they must, if properly used, bring honor to the Bible. This foundation is, therefore, not designed to counteract the effect of Biblical scholarship, but to use scholarship for the more effectual building of character and spiritual life. By his gift Mr. Jesup has enabled the Seminary to add to its teaching force a man who shall devote himself to this end. The function of this professor shall be twofold: first, to cultivate in the students of the Seminary a desire and a power to preach with simplicity and without criticism; second, to promote not only among the Christian people of the land a "confidence in the evangelical position of the Seminary," but among students and other young men "a zeal for the ministry." For this purpose his work is not to be confined to the Seminary itself; it is to be done, at least half of the time, in the country at large—on public platforms, in colleges, in churches, and in the homes of the people.

Could anything better show how the minds of men are turning in these days to the practical and vital element in religion? The man on the street cares little and knows less about theological seminaries; he is not interested in theological or critical questions; he is entertained by theological and critical controversies—not because they are critical or theological, but because they are controversies; he knows somewhat more about churches, and as a rule respects them; but in his heart he is profoundly concerned with religion, and when religion is presented vitally and practically he responds. Mr. Jesup, interested as he is in theological seminaries, sympathetic as he is with the modern critical movements, realizes, as the theologian rarely does, what the feeling of the ordinary layman of practical mind is; and by this gift he is acting as the spokesman of this average man in bidding the Seminary bring its powers more directly to bear upon popular needs.

The creation of this new professorship is a virtual announcement of three truths which to-day demand emphasis:

First, that the people at large have not lost their interest in the ministry as a profession; that, however much they may have gained in freedom to disregard the minister who has no message, they desire more than ever to hear the man whose message has at once intellectual respectability and spiritual power.

Second, that the theological seminary need not be merely a retreat for quiet study and meditation, but a power for leavening society at large with the religious spirit. This sort of power the Union Theological Seminary has conspicuously been in many ways. By this gift it will have a new opportunity to become a more extensive power than before.

Third, that the people of the churches on the one hand are coming to realize that spiritual earnestness without scholarship is morbid, and that the men of the theological seminaries on the other hand are coming to realize that scholarship without spiritual earnestness is lifeless. If by means of this new chair the Union Theological Seminary can become one more witness to the truth that the greatest power against evil and for righteousness is an enlightened faith, it will do more for Christianity than it could by framing an ecumenical creed.

Municipal Ownership

The success of city ownership of the subways in Boston and New York, the recent overwhelming vote in Chicago for municipal ownership of street railway lines, the gas lease battle in Philadelphia, the conflict in New York City over lighting and water supply, and the near prospect of additional subways in the latter city, all give to the problem of municipal ownership of municipal industries a very immediate and practical interest. The question is no longer an academic one. The advocacy of municipal ownership is no longer confined to radicals confessedly in advance of their age. Even the most conservative individualist admits that there are some municipal plants which the municipality should own, and questions whether there may not be some municipal industries which the municipality should carry on. It is clear that in our modern cities individualism cannot do everything. In ancient Palestine—and we believe this is true of modern Palestine also—the only water supply in most of the villages was a well to which the maidens went, and from which they brought home the water for their households in pitchers on their heads. If one went out at night, he groped his way in the dark or lighted it with a flaring torch which he carried in his hand. The most reactionary of Americans would hardly propose to go back to this form of individualism.

On the other hand, there are in America at present very few State Socialists. The State Socialist holds that all the tools and implements of industry should be owned by the community, and all its industries should be carried on under communal control; that the government—municipal, State, or Federal, as the case may be—should allot to every man his task according to his ability, and give to every man his reward according to his need. Under primitive individualism every man gets his own water from the well and furnishes his own light by a lantern or a torch. Under radical Socialism all industries would be carried on by the government; there would be municipal bakers and butchers and grocers and tailors and shoemakers. All men would be employees, and there would be but one employer—the city or the State or the Nation. No primitive individualists are left in America, and very few State Socialists have arrived.

The problem on which the American people are thinking more or less clearly and definitely is this: Where is the line to be drawn between those industries which the municipality should control and those which should be left to individual ownership and administration? Without attempting to answer that question, we here suggest three principles by which the thinker may be guided in seeking a sane and rational conclusion:

I. We are not to go back. Industries which are now controlled with fair measure of success by the municipality ought not to be abandoned by the municipality and turned over to public service corporations. The city of New York has built and owns a water system, and has carried it on for years with fairly satisfactory results. No consideration should induce it to consider the proposition to turn over the control of its water supply to private owners. This proposition, made on behalf of the notorious Ramapo Water Company, was successfully resisted, but not without a battle. New York for years owned and controlled its streets. In order to secure greater convenience of transportation, a few years ago it allowed a private corporation to build a second-story street and own and control it. It allowed another corporation to acquire a *quasi* ownership and a practical control of the center of its great avenues. It never ought to have done this. It has not allowed a private corporation to own its great subway, and no impatience for immediate convenience should tempt it to allow its future subways to become private property. It should own and control its highways, whether under the ground, on the ground, or above the ground; and if it allows the system of transportation on these streets to be administered by private corporations, it should keep that administration subject to governmental supervision and control.

II. There is a very simple and a very clear distinction between those industries which are carried on by individuals for individuals, and in which, therefore, competition will probably be maintained, and those industries which are of necessity carried on by one great organization for the community as a whole, and in which, therefore, competition cannot be maintained. The bakers and butchers and tailors and shoemakers belong in the first category; the water supply, lighting, and transportation belong in the second. If the baker furnishes me poor bread, I can go to another baker; but if the gas company furnishes me poor gas, I cannot go to another gas company. If my shoes pinch my feet, I can try another shoemaker; but if the trolley line puts on so few cars that I have to hang on to a strap in my daily trip between my home and my office, I cannot try another trolley line.

Are there not, the reader may ask, a beef trust, and a sugar trust, and something very like a coal trust? Yes. But municipal ownership furnishes no remedy for these combinations. That must be sought in State or Federal legislation. If the city were to take over all the butcher shops, it would still have to buy its meat of the beef trust. Again, the reader may ask: If the gas company charges too much or furnishes inferior gas, can we not charter a competing company? if the trolley line gives poor service, can we not give a franchise to a rival line? The answer is, No! History has demonstrated the truth of the economic aphorism, Where combination is possible, competition is impossible. The gas companies combine under one management, or divide the city into districts, and leave the individual no option but to take gas from his district company. The street has already been given to one trolley line, and cannot be given to another. And if a rival line is built to parallel it, the two soon combine, if not under one management at least in one policy.

Speaking broadly, then, there are in the city certain natural monopolies. Water, lighting, transportation, are illustrations. The city is not called upon to undertake all industries, nor all that are necessary to human well-being. It need not open city bakeries and groceries. But it may well take over the natural monopolies. That is, it may well undertake the experiment of doing for itself those things which are necessary to the welfare of the city as a whole, and in which, therefore, practically all the citizens have a common interest, and which, in the nature of the case, must be done by one corporation, either private or public.

III. There is also a simple and clear line of distinction between ownership and administration. The city may both own the plant and administer the industry, or it may own the plant and allow private enterprise to administer the industry subject to governmental rules and regulations. If the city administers the industry, it must employ a large number of men and disburse weekly large sums of money; and in the present state of public morals this involves some public peril. The apprehension of this peril constitutes the most common argument against municipal ownership; but it is really only an argument against municipal administration. If the city owns the plant and permits private enterprise to administer the industry, neither such employment nor such disbursement by the city is involved. The city of New York owns the subway, and this ownership enables it to exercise a certain supervision and control over the administration of the subway. But this ownership involves no considerable addition to its pay-roll and gives no considerable increased political control to the party in power. So it may own the gas plant or the telephone plant and lease the right to operate for a term of years. Does the reader satirically remark, " Philadelphia!" We have not forgotten Philadelphia. But the difficulty in that city is not primarily due to the fact that the city has a gas plant to lease; it is primarily due to the fact that Philadelphia has long suffered from an unscrupulous and corrupt political ring on the one hand, and a somewhat self-complacent and very apathetic content among the citizens on the other; until now the city is so bound hand and foot that it is difficult to untie the knots with celerity and perilous to cut them by a revolution.

The question of municipal administration of municipal industries we reserve for future consideration. In our judgment, the political peril involved in such administration is less than the political perils in which we are already involved from having public service corporations which, on the one hand, are eager to get special advantages from the Legislature, and, on the other hand, are subjected to blackmail by corrupt legislators. The corruption in our public schools and in our Water and Fire and Street-Cleaning Departments does not compare with the corruption traceable to the connection of public service corporations and municipal governments in our lighting and our trolley systems. But the two questions of municipal ownership and municipal administration are distinct in fact, and should be kept distinct in our thinking.

We submit, then, these three principles to the consideration of any of our readers who are pondering the problem of municipal ownership: 1. Do not permit the city to lose a control which it now possesses. 2. In extending control, extend it over natural monopolies—that is, over those industries which serve the city as a whole and which experience proves must necessarily come under a single control. 3. Keep clearly in mind the distinction between ownership and administration. First let each city secure municipal ownership. Even if it is not ready also to assume municipal administration, it should not grant any long-time lease; for it should not estop itself from considering the question of municipal administration whenever it finds private administration of a public service, for any reason, unsatisfactory.

We announce with deep regret the death of Mrs. Jacob A. Riis. The relations of Mr. Riis with the readers of The Outlook have been for a number of years so intimate that the great sorrow through which he is now passing will appeal to their sympathies in an unusual way. Those who read " The Making of an American " will recall the naïve and charming account of Mr. Riis's courtship, and the delightful chapter which Mrs. Riis contributed to that very interesting book. Her death marks the end of one chapter in a love story of peculiar tenderness and devotion; and Mr. Riis will have the heartfelt sympathy of all those who have understood how peculiarly fortunate he has been in his domestic life.

The Spectator

The Spectator has never been accused of being fast. He has, indeed, feared at times that his leisurely pace was too slow for a strenuous age. His scheme of life has usually involved simply the possession of a cozy nook from which he can view the madding throng as it goes by in its dizzy whirl. He has been fairly happy in his innocuous isolation, and wondered how the rapid world got any enjoyment out of its fierce gyrations. He wonders no longer. He has felt the thrill of fast traveling in the most approved style of the world's people, and admits its charm and excitement. He has been motoring—automobiling—devil-wagoning—the terms are all clumsy and inadequate, but they indicate the nature of the Spectator's indiscretion.

IN DOUBT AS TO THE ROAD

* * *

Needless to say, however, the Spectator did not travel in one of the gayly painted monstrosities that have aroused the antipathy of man and beast on country and city highways alike since the horseless carriage has arrived. Nor did he travel at a dangerous speed, without bowels of compassion for the doctor's gig or the school-girl's phaeton that he might meet on its errand of mercy or pleasure. He ran down not a single pedestrian, even; and the roving hen or sportive dog raced joyfully by his side. The motorist who counts that day lost which sees no smash-up as a result of his reckless pursuit of excitement would have scorned to ride with the Spectator. Perhaps that was one reason why the Spectator's experience was so delightful.

* * *

The interest that attaches to an automobile trip is partly that of the unexpected. You never can tell what is going to happen. You may start for the Adirondacks—and bring up shortly in a near-by lock-up. You may think that your wheels are all right for a long trip, and hear the pistol shot of an exploding tire before you get a dozen squares away. Your gasoline may run out, or one of your hundred bolts get loose, and you may have to tow your machine home. Before the Spectator started on his ride friends burdened him with hard-luck stories about their experiences. One man told of being stalled for eight hours on the bleak highway between New York and Philadelphia, while a country blacksmith was repairing his connecting-rod. Another told of hair-breadth 'scapes from village constables, who wished him to share their hospitality without waiting for an introduction. Another told of menacing dogs and foolish horses, of frightened children and scowling parents, of muddy roads and broken bridges. But these things only whetted the Spectator's appetite for danger, once he had resolved on trying the experiment. They made him feel something of the zest of a Nansen or a Stanley in starting for unexplored regions of North or South. They constitute "the rigor of the game," without which it would scarcely be worth while. The element of risk and uncertainty in automobile traveling furnishes a joyous appeal to the spirit of venture that all of us possess in some degree.

* * *

To give this spirit its best scope, one must take along a careful chauffeur who doesn't know the roads and has not too good a sense of direction. This leads

A LITTLE EXPERT ADVICE

THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF A HORSELESS CARRIAGE

THE COMMITTEE OF INSPECTION

one into various excursions of more or less interest. The Spectator and his party started from West Forty-second Street Ferry for Lake Hopatcong in New Jersey. They went by way of Weehawken, and traveled for several miles about Weehawken streets before finding the way out of that town, which is the most pleasing part of it. Not that the Spectator would discredit Weehawken. It furnishes a splendid view of New York from its heights, and it is sacred to the memory of a famous New Yorker, Alexander Hamilton. But it doubtless has more attractive streets than those which the Spectator's party traversed. Incidentally, it furnished the chauffeur—the Spectator dislikes this word, but cannot get his friends to adopt his English equivalent for it, *shover*, as yet—an opportunity to show his skill in guiding the machine at a high speed along the trolley tracks where the road was bad and it was thought the automobile must turn back. The railway traveler may think that some small Jersey towns have no reason for being, but the Spectator counts as one of the arguments for the automobile that it shows many charming places to its occupant that would otherwise remain undiscovered save to their inhabitants. Perhaps the inhabitants consider this an argument against the automobile. All depends upon the point of view.

❀

In traveling in an unknown country *via* automobile, make a wise selection of small boys as local cicerones. Let them preferably be the owners of well-used bicycles. That will show that they know the roads. The Spectator remembers a harrowing experience with two nice boys who didn't know the road from some unknown part of Jersey where the automobile was stranded to a well-known part—the pretty village of Belleville. "You must go by the river road," they said, and seemed to mean it. So round the machine whirled, and back to the river, only to find the river road impracticable. More inquiries, about face again, and twenty minutes after we passed our boy friends again, sadder but wiser travelers. This experience was offset by that with another boy at Parsippany—the Spectator names the place in hopes that some other tourist may benefit—who carefully and intelligently answered an inquiry as to the road to Morristown, after pausing thoughtfully to make sure that he was giving the information correctly—"The second road to the left, then follow the macadam." If that boy ever goes West to fight the Indians, the Spectator predicts that he will become a famous scout!

⁂

Some people think that automobilists wear goggles to make themselves look uncanny; others, that they wear them to keep out the wholesome light of day from minds intent on dark things; others, that their principal function is to exclude dust. The Spectator found that these formidable-looking spectacles are simply plain glass; that they are not intended to enhance beauty or protect from sunlight; but that they keep the eyes from being subjected to a continual gale. The rapid motion of the automobile made the Spectator's eyes moisten as quickly as a pathetic story does, and the relief experienced from the glasses was instantaneous and grateful. Another mystery solved!

⁂

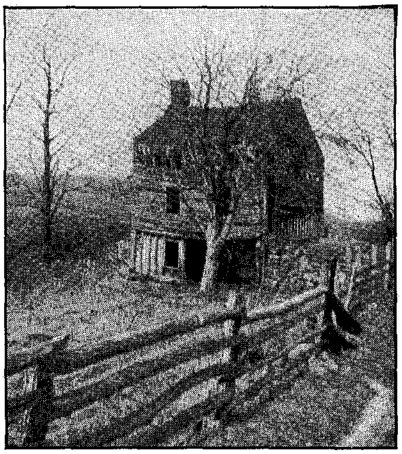
America has not many shrines as yet, but it has many interesting landmarks that serve to check the tourist's speed and enlighten his mind. Possibly some faithful souls might regard a certain house at Caldwell, New Jersey, in the light of a political shrine, at least. The Spectator refers to the house in which ex-President Cleveland first saw the light. Whatever some critical opponents might think as to its famous one-time occupant, this attractive and commodious house certainly is not moss-grown. It looks well kept and comfortable, and as if it might be the birthplace for still another President and remain to see him inducted into office. Stranger things have happened. "Is this the house where President Cleveland lived?" the Spectator asked of the nice little girls on the lawn. "Yes, sir." "And who lives here now?" "We do"—naïvely. This brought to mind the celebrated retort of the President's sister at the time when she was the mistress of the White House. At a public reception Mr. Malaprop, seeking to fill a conversational gap, remarked to her, "You hail from Buffalo, I believe?" "Yes, but we reign here."

⁂

Much is said, and, alas! truly, about the indifference of some automobilists to the safety of the people whom they pass, and of the rightful hostility to these reckless

IN THE MUD

A REST FOR EVERYBODY BUT THE CHAUFFEUR



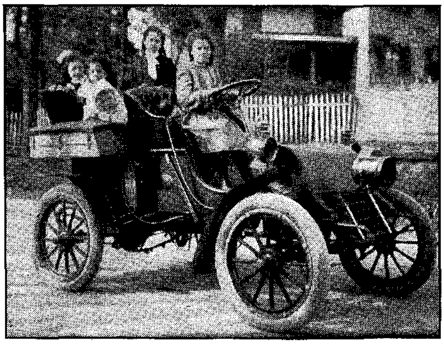
AN ABANDONED FARM

motorists of suburban residents. The Spectator noted with approval the wayside signs limiting the speed of automobiles. If there is to be a remedy for dangerous speeding, however, he thinks that it should be found in the adjustment of the machines. The Spectator makes no apology for reckless motorists, but he submits that is not in human nature for a man who has a fast machine to avoid testing its capacity occasionally. He is like the owner of a fast horse—he must let him trot once in a while. But if the speed lever were wedged up, the motor-car would have perforce to be content with a moderate rate of travel. The Spectator's chauffeur, however, was very careful to go slowly whenever ladies were seen driving, or horses prancing, or children, dogs, or chickens in the roadway—and perhaps the Spectator himself should take a little credit for being watchfully insistent on this considerateness.

"SEE WHAT I'VE FOUND!"

* * *

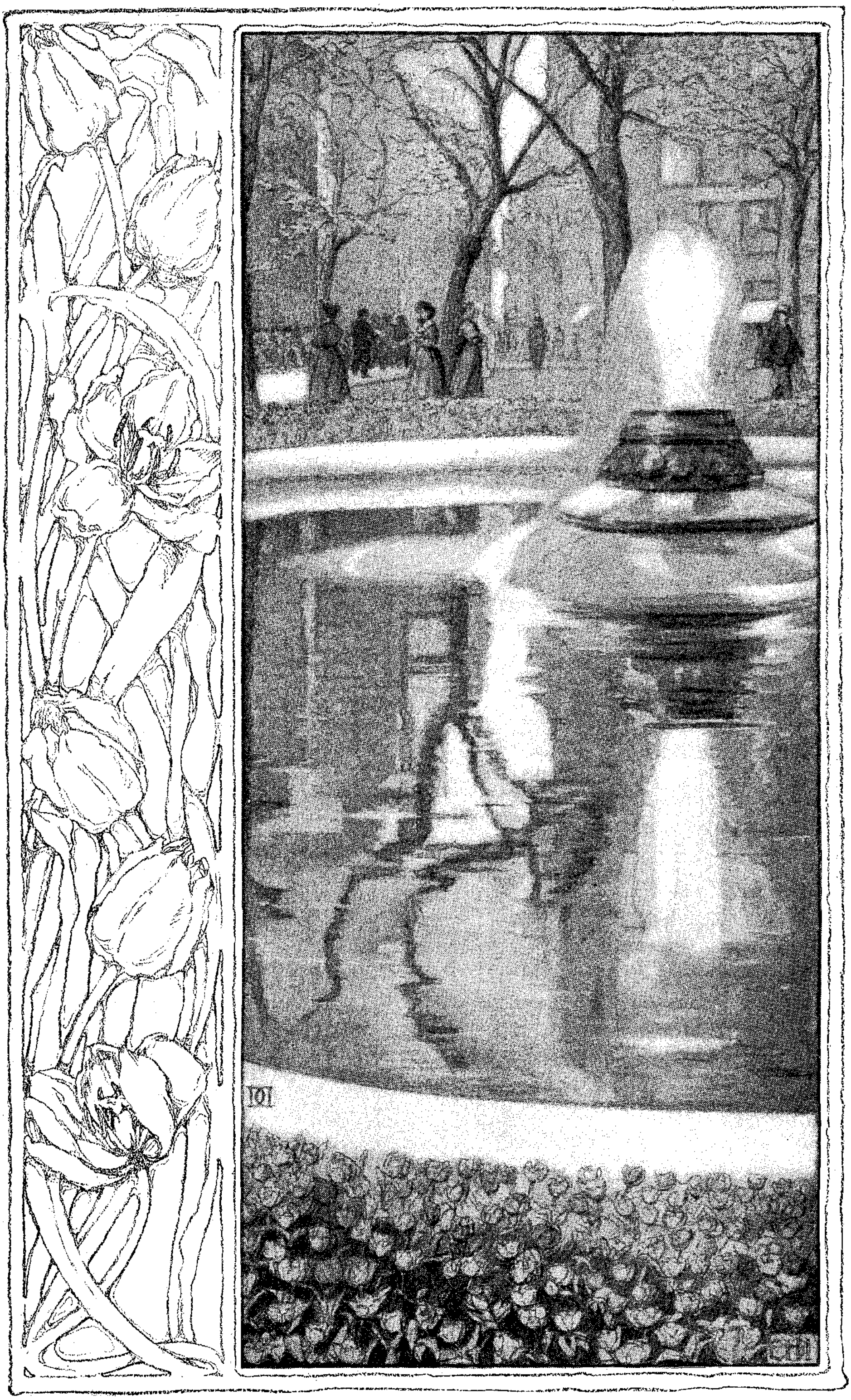
It is only on the untraveled roads, in these latter days, that the automobile is a novelty. The majority of horses on suburban roads are now familiar with the motor-car, and indifferent to it. When the Spectator's party, after reaching beautiful Lake Hopatcong and tarrying awhile to enjoy its scenery, decided to cut across country and return by another route, they left the macadam and struck a country road. Just across a rise of ground a farmer's wagon with a team of mules was standing by a gate. The farmer was talking to a neighbor. When the mules saw the automobile approaching, they prepared to leave the country by going across lots. The automobile stopped; the farmers got the mules by the head, and the party proceeded to go by. Then occurred an exciting incident, without which the trip would have been sadly incomplete. In giving the mules as much leeway as possible, the automobile was steered far to the left of the narrow road. Here was a marshy place, and in a moment one side of the heavy machine was down to the hubs! No revolving of the wheels would bring it out. The Spectator hailed the mules and their owner, who were disappearing up the road, and suggested that, as they had got the Spectator into the mess, they should pull him out of it. Several houses were near by, and their inhabitants rapidly assembled, cheered by the unexpected break in the monotony of a dull day. A good-natured neighbor speedily got a chain, this was hitched around the automobile's front axle, the other end was fastened to the wagon, the people cheered, the wagoner said "Get-ap," the mules pulled lustily, and the automobile slowly drew out to terra firma. Hurrah! The Spectator, in his retrospective rejoicing, nearly forgot to relate that the mules were impenitent at first for their misdeed and had to be exhorted roundly before they would put forth their strength. The Spectator for the first time in his life was ungallant at this critical moment, and rejoiced that the ladies who started with the expedition had reached their destination; if they had been present, the automobile would still be in the swamp! "Them mules hadn't ought to have got scared, either," said their owner. "They've been down to the city all right. But then they went down by the tow-path and didn't see many of those machines on the canal." The Spectator understood why the mules needed to be adjured before moving.



THE YOUNG "CHAUFFEUSE" AND HER BROOD

There is an abandoned farm region within a few miles of New York City. In going across country through Longwood Valley, the Spectator and his friends counted no less than nine abandoned or ruinous farm-houses within a dozen miles. Not a single vehicle was met while on this road. It was apparently a case of poor soil, distance from railroads, lack of summer boarders, and easy proximity to more profitable work in the city. Just beyond, in the town of Newfoundland, was a prosperous community in an attractive village, but this was on the railroad, and had many summer—and winter—visitors, attracted by the fine scenery and salubrious air. Of the run down to the city, through the lovely Pequannock Valley, past Copperas Mountain, Pompton Lake, and many a pleasant suburban town or village, and enlivened by bursts of merriment on the part of the Spectator's companions and bursts of speed on the part of the Spectator's chauffeur that were with difficulty repressed—the speed, not the merriment, for that was irrepressible—the Spectator will say little, for the ride was uneventful except for its exhilaration and the interest of the scenery. And it may be said of an automobile ride, as it is said of a country, Blessed is it when it has no annals! He must not omit to recommend all motorists, however, to take along with them an extra tire and fit it to a wheel while out of town, for the sake of the village boys if for no other reason. The situation will be replete with fun for both boys and travelers. The travelers may get tired of it, but the boys, never! To them a stranded automobile has almost the interest of a circus.

THE FRESHET



AN ANGLER'S WISH

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I.

When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes toward sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

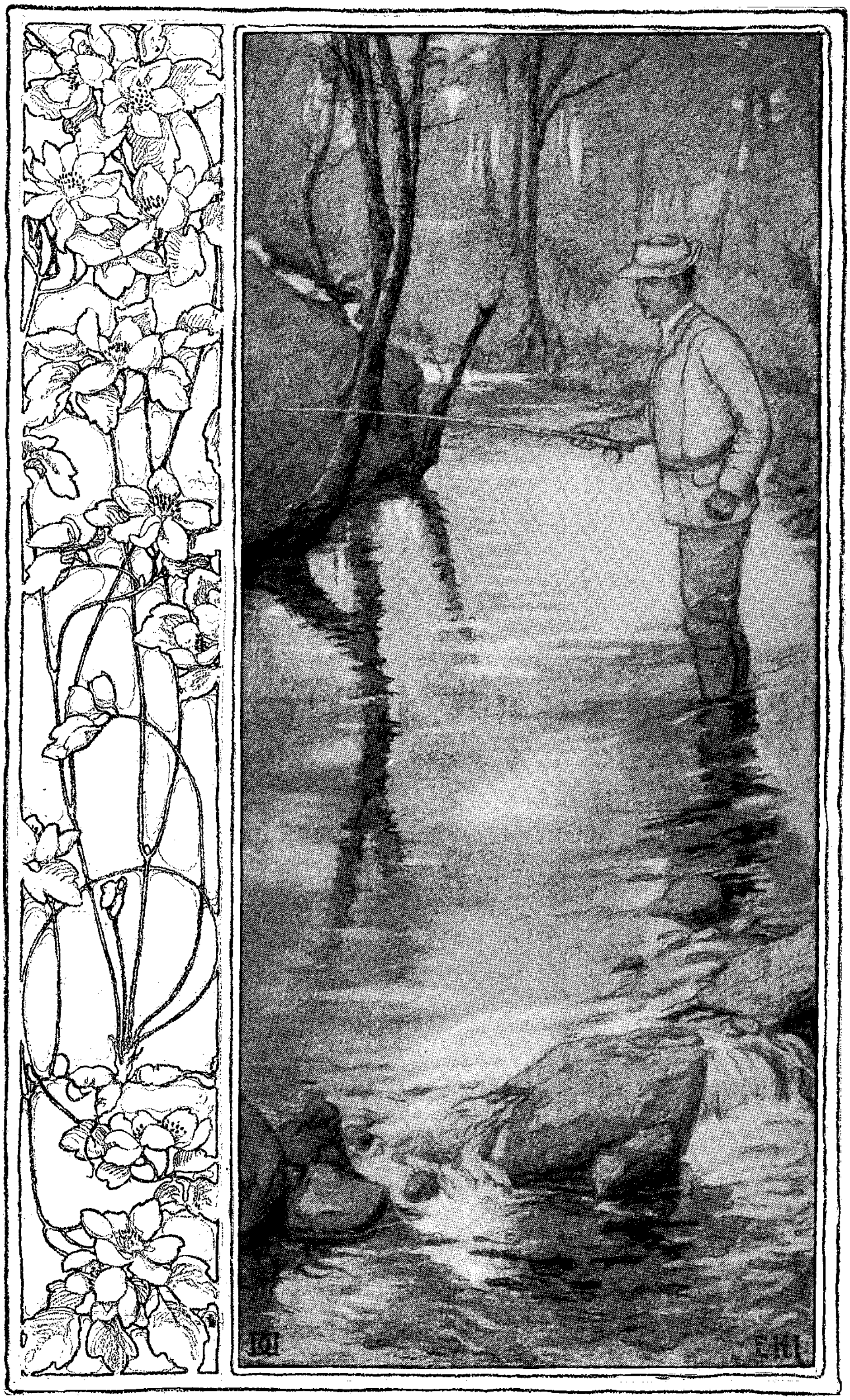
Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing,—
For this the month of May was made

II.

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plough.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun,
For yellow coats, to match the sun;
And in the same array of flame
The Dandelion Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?



EHI

III.

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
While on the wing the bluebirds sing
Their wedding-bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.
How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

IV.

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line:

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:
No more I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

From "The Builders and Other Poems." Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by special permission of the author and the publishers.

Thoreau, a Prophet of Nature

By Hamilton W. Mabie

THOREAU'S French ancestors came from the Isle of Guernsey and transmitted to their New England descendant sturdy vigor rather than aptitude for social life or the instinct for art. Neither in habit nor in taste was there any trace of French descent in the author of "Walden." He was the embodiment of rugged Anglo-Saxon qualities, brought into strong relief by new climatic and social conditions. The individuality of the man stands out more sharply when he is detached from those habits, interests, and occupations with which men are generally concerned, but from which he endeavored to detach himself. He was sent to school at the Academy in Concord, and later to Harvard College; but he always spoke lightly of schools and colleges, and if he had been consulted would probably have gone around them rather than through them. This formal education was of great service to him, in spite of his determination to live not only by the work of his own hands but by the activity of his own soul; but in all matters touching his real vocation in life he was self-educated. He studied no profession; never married, voted, or went to church; refused to pay taxes; accepted no creed, whether of religion or philosophy, and allowed few statements of any kind to go unchallenged; ate no flesh, drank no wine, used no tobacco, and, though he was continually afield or in the woods, carried no gun and set no traps. He permitted himself no preferences, indulgences, or easy habits, and he seems to have been without appetites or passions. At the table he ate what was placed next his plate; he was a eulogist of old clothes, and professed a great respect for nakedness, though climate was against his practice of it. He scorned conveniences of all sorts; walked in preference to riding, swam in preference to rowing; he read good books, but regarded them as secondary sources of knowledge and as unnecessary interferences with direct, personal acquaintance with nature and life. He stripped himself so far as was possible in order that he might take life on the simplest terms; he put his body out of the way in order that he might live freely and after his own fashion through intellect and soul.

Having rid himself as far as possible of the obligations, habits, and conventions of life, Thoreau struck out a career for himself which is not only interesting as a practical experiment in the art of living, but as an expression of the American spirit in ultimate terms. He tried his hand at teaching, in which it is incredible that he should have made any success, so great was his distaste for routine and repetition and so individual was his language. He made lead pencils, and when he had secured domestic and foreign commendation of their quality abruptly stopped work with the brief but cogent statement, "I would not do again what I have done once." He was an expert mathematician, and he became an expert surveyor—a craft which he followed at times with entire devotion, because it took him out-of-doors, gave him solitude, and permitted him to choose his hours of work. He never worked longer than his necessities required, because he regarded all accumulations as encumbrances. Houses, lands, horses, jewels, possessions of every sort, he treated as so many obstacles in the path of the man who is bent on getting at the heart of life. He rejected these things for himself, and had no respect for them in the hands of others. When he needed money, he earned it, but he kept himself free to live.

Sturdy of frame and of a vigorous constitution, with the senses of an Indian and with as few wants, Thoreau went back to Nature not as a matter of poetry but as a habit of life. His two years and more of solitary life on the shore of Walden Pond formed a picturesque incident in his career, one that has been much talked about, but it was entirely incidental; he was as much abroad and as solitary in Concord as in his shanty. He could measure the height of trees by his eye; find his way through the woods at night by his feet; run, swim, climb, skate, and walk with a kind of original skill and force. He had the New England gift of the free use of his hands; he could make anything he needed; above all, he could live alone without fear or depression. He could endure his own society indefinitely, which is rare among men bred, as most men are, to be interested rather than to be interesting; and he was so competent to do all that was necessary for his own comfort that he was as independent of the butcher, the milkman, and the coal-cart as of the post-office and the telegraph.

He paid small attention to the newspapers; they were concerned solely with the times, he was trying to domesticate himself in the eternities. He, more than any other American writer, registers the extreme reaction against the old-world order, the determination to begin once more at the beginning, to deal with life at first hand and with individual force and freedom. He took small interest in Europe, and listened impatiently to the customary talk of returning travelers. One can imagine the undisguised contempt with which he would have regarded the Europeanized American of these later years, whose endeavor is not to find freer, purer, more inspiring ways of living, but to conform to the habit of older civilizations and to reproduce on a new soil the form and fashion of an alien life, instead of following the hints and intimations of a great opportunity and a new day in the affairs of the race.

It was an interesting and profitable experiment which Thoreau tried, and it was of immense service as an object-lesson. He lost the balance and went too far; but this was a small matter when the vast majority of men and women are rushing pellmell in the opposite direction, loading themselves at great expense of thought and care with unnecessary luggage, and increasing the machinery of living under the pathetic delusion that they are getting more of life. If America means anything distinctive, Thoreau projects that meaning in high light. He stands for individualism in aim, selection, creed, and practice as emphatically and exclusively as Whitman stands for democratic fellowship. One preached and practiced the ultimate New England doctrine of the completeness and authority of the individual, as the other set forth the doctrine of the divinity of the average man and the solidarity of democracy. When the man arrives who can harmonize these two views and formulate a practice of living by the truth in both, the world will know what America means. In the meantime there is immense interest in guessing.

Thoreau's experiment as an object-lesson was a striking success; as a solution of the problem of life it was a conspicuous failure. He probably never had any other expectation, for he never really got away from himself. In character he was the personification of integrity, and he kept his bargain with life; but he was smitten with that self-consciousness which no man of New England temper in Thoreau's time and earlier wholly escaped. Solitary as he seemed to be and little read as were his books, Thoreau never broke away from the limitations of his temperament, never really escaped into Nature. The pose which he permitted himself did not corrupt him, but it distinctly lowered the value of his experiment. He never really locked the door against society; Concord was always within reach, and he was not indifferent to the interest in his enterprise. "My purpose in going to Walden was not to live cheaply," he wrote, "nor to live dearly there, but to transact some private business there." During his stay at Walden he was almost as often in Concord as in the days when he lived in the village, and it is significant that his first book was edited in his shanty. In the light of later events it is evident that he went there for literary material even more than for solitude.

Of this he was probably unaware at the time, but he could hardly have been indifferent to the value of his experience and its novelty. His sense of a special interest in Nature and an individual intimacy with her imposed an obligation to record and report her. He was a born lover of Nature, but he was also her self-appointed secretary. The air of Concord was full of inspiration in those days, and it will be a shrine for the idealist who loves his kind in all the time to come; but Concord was not wholly unconscious of its rank and place.

When Emerson published his epoch-making little book and the question was asked, "Who is the author of Nature?" the significant reply was, "God and Ralph Waldo Emerson." And Madam Hoar, one of the most interesting of the many interesting personages in that remarkable community, put a shrewd criticism into her witty remark, "Henry talks about Nature just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord."

The freshness of feeling, breadth of view, and tonic of the individualistic ideal gave Thoreau's return to Nature a touch of triumph. Senancour sent Obermann to the solitudes of the Alps as a refuge from pain and disillusion; Gilbert White watched the changes in his garden and the weather at Selborne and kept a diary and his turtle with a kind of domestic pleasure in the shelter of walls and the quietness of his seclusion. Thoreau went into the woods on his own terms and for fresh acquisitions. He did not flee to Nature; he sought her by choice, because she offered fresh pasturage for his soul. There was no sense of failure or soreness of spirit in him; he carried into the woods a body strong enough to find pleasure in obstacles and hardy enough to bear the changes of the season and the uncertainties of weather with indifference; and he was served by senses of scientific accuracy and of more than scientific adaptability. Nothing that could be overtaken in the woods escaped him, and nothing that could be waited for passed him by. He could follow a trail when all signs to sight and smell seemed to have vanished; and he could sit quiet so long that birds, beasts, and fishes thought he was part of the landscape.

His transactions with society were so few and elementary that he shook off the remembrance of them on the edge of the woods without effort, and he was able to give himself up without thought or care to the out-of-door life. He had much of the artist in him in power of appreciation and at times in expression; but he was essentially a naturalist. He made no selection of objects; his curiosity sought everything that lived with the same passion of observation. He watched spiders, snakes, and flies as eagerly as he studied birds and flowers. He was at home with Nature, and rejected the society of no creature that came his way.

His way of life followed the lines of least resistance and left some parts of his nature largely undeveloped, and he paid in various ways, as every man must, the penalty of living a partial life. The thinness of the New England temperament, which Emerson felt, told heavily against emotional power, warmth of expression, power of sympathy, breadth and wholeness of view. The individualism which has been the strength and weakness of New England had free play, and wrought both its beneficence and its retribution in him. He stood resolutely on his own direct perception of truth and enjoyed his solitude; he was loyal to his convictions, fearless, independent, and self-sustaining; but he did not compass the rich resources of intimate fellowship with other men, he never fully understood the immense significance and value of the capitalized experience of the race, and he missed the deepest divinations of the spirit. He was a unique rather than a great figure; the ultimate personification of a temperament and point of view rather than an opulent and original force. His work is suggestive rather than convincing, and his influence corrective rather than inspiring.

This criticism is implied in Margaret Fuller's shrewd description of Thoreau: "He is healthful, rare, of open eye, ready hand, and noble scope. . . . But he is as yet a somewhat bare hill, which the warm gales of spring have not visited. Thought lies too detached, truth is seen too much in detail; we can number and mark the substances buried in the rock. . . . He says too constantly of Nature, she is mine." And she adds a bit of advice which Thoreau's temperament could not profit by: "Seek the lotus, and take a draught of rapture." He forgot the world when he went afield, but he never forgot himself; that was the penalty of his temperament, the limitation of his section and of its art. He carried very little mechanical apparatus with him in his walks, for he was not the kind of sportsman whose joy lies in the beauty of his rod and the ingenuity of his fly-book; but he took a full supply of preconceptions, whims, eccentricities of judgment, "Yankee notions" of all sorts and kinds. He was as completely possessed by himself in the woods as in society; he never at any point surrendered himself. Emerson calls him "a born protestant;" he was rather an ingrained sectarian. When a certain landlord was asked what churches there were in Concord, he promptly answered: "The Unitarian, the Orthodox, and the Walden Pond Association." The witty report of a certain deistic church in London, that it consisted of "three persons and no God," was too suggestive of numbers to describe the Walden Pond Association.

Thoreau was never a hermit; he was not even a recluse save for short periods of time; he was an affectionate and faithful member of more than one household, and he had firm if not warm friendships; but the world did not find him comfortable. He always spoke the truth without shading or adaptation, which was to his credit; but he had no choice of occasions, which limited joy in his companionship. There was a certain haughtiness and at times a touch of arrogance in his spirit which repelled men. Commenting on his relations with young men, Emerson says that he was "never affectionate, but superior, didactic, scorning their petty ways—very slowly conceding, or not conceding at all, the promise of his society at their houses, or even at his own. "Would he not walk with them?" "He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company." The individualism of the American, his self-reliance, his determination to hold a direct and original relation with life—these are the distinctive qualities in Thoreau; pushed to the limit and a little beyond the limit into the region of eccentricity. He is the American in detachment as Whitman was the American in a crowd.

The published works of Thoreau fill eleven volumes, and a large mass of material remains in manuscript. Only two books, "Walden" and the "Week," appeared during his life; but no writer of his time appears to have kept a more complete record of his thoughts and insights. He attached immense importance to the operations of his mind, or he would not have kept so exhaustive a report in his journals. These journals have fed his books, and are a minute and intimate impression of what he saw, heard, and felt in his intercourse with Nature. He was as indefatigable a reporter as Boswell, with a humor, sagacity, and energy of mind which Johnson's biographer lacked. The element of stoicism in his nature showed itself in his indifference to his own comfort in making his observations, his egotism in the value which he habitually attached to all these observations, and his self-consciousness in the fullness of the accounts which he kept with his own soul.

So faithfully does Thoreau render himself that what has been said about him by way of description applies to his books by way of criticism. One cannot consult them as oracles, as the books of Emerson can be opened with confidence that, while they may refuse to answer specific questions, they often go far towards qualifying the inquirer to answer them for himself. But what a tonic quality pervades them; what keenness of observation, what boldness of conjecture, what striking transcriptions of Nature are to be found in them! They abound in a kind of idealism, suggestive of the New England divination of the truth of its highest dreams and of the New England shrewdness of intellect. The homeliest things of daily life are celebrated in the same paragraph with the loftiest hopes of the spirit; and the pond by the roadside is rarely without the star in its depths. Justice has never been done Thoreau's shrewd humor, which runs like a mountain rivulet through all his observations and gives them flavor, tang, and a touch of fun. "How many a poor immortal soul have I met," he writes, "well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty!" Poetry trickles through these reports of weather, crops, and seasons, and comes out in the most unexpected places and most effective phrases: "The bluebird carries the sky on his back." Audacity of phrasing gives many truths a new and biting edge: "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. Atheism may comparatively be popular with God." And with what a brisk complacency he imparts the shock of paradox: "The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad, and if I repent of anything, it is very likely to be my good behavior."

That Thoreau had moments of rapture which fused his observations in sudden and penetrating divination into the whole of things and bathed his spirit in the mystery of Nature is clear from many passages in the Journals: "There is a certain fertile sadness which I would not avoid, but rather earnestly seek. It is positively joyful to me. It saves my life from being trivial. My life flows with a deeper current, no longer as a shallow and brawling stream, parched and shrunken by the summer heats. This coolness comes to condense the dews and clear the atmosphere. The stillness seems more deep and significant. Each sound comes from out a greater thoughtfulness of Nature, as if Nature had acquired some character and mind." Such sentences disclose the deeper quality in Thoreau's thinking, and they bring out the character of his style at its best: precision, raciness, individuality, the sense of vision. At times the steady reiteration of the personal pronoun grows wearisome; the thought is far-fetched and suggestive of pose rather than of divination; the sentences have no vital relation to a continuity of ideas; the diction conveys an impression of thinness. But in its finer moods the style is as distinct as an etching, objects stand out as against a clear sky, there is a feeling of space, sounds come from a great distance like trumpets blown afar, and the air stirs with intimations of unseen presences.

Thoreau was not the first American to live out-of-doors, but he was the first to make out-of-doors living a profession, and to open the way to a new kind of writing. His egotism, his assumption of individual ownership in Nature, have helped to found a school and to create a cult; but his spirit has diffused itself through American life, and he must be counted among the permanent influences in that life. He opened a world of experience which is one of the great refuges from the tyranny of work and wealth, from which flow restoring streams of health, vitality, and joy. His defects of temperament are lost in his agile and virile idealism, and the best report of his life is to be found in his parable: "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

In an Adirondack Bay

By Francis Sterne Palmer

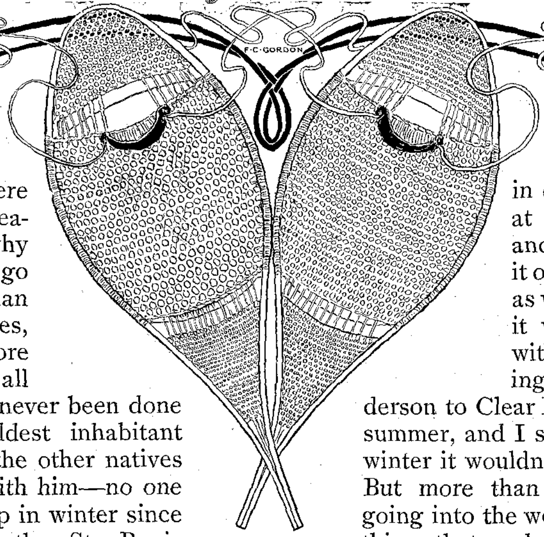
Brown are the shallows—brown as that fawn
Who splashed in them till he saw the dawn;—
Sun-touched, the shallows catch the light
And glitter and turn from brown to bright.

The blackbird sounds his vibrant trill,
The frog's shrill drum is never still,
Dragonflies have whirring wings,
The warm air palpitates and rings;
And through it all I hear one tune—
A resonant song from the lips of June.

A WINTER TRAMP in the NORTH WOODS

By Harold J. Howland

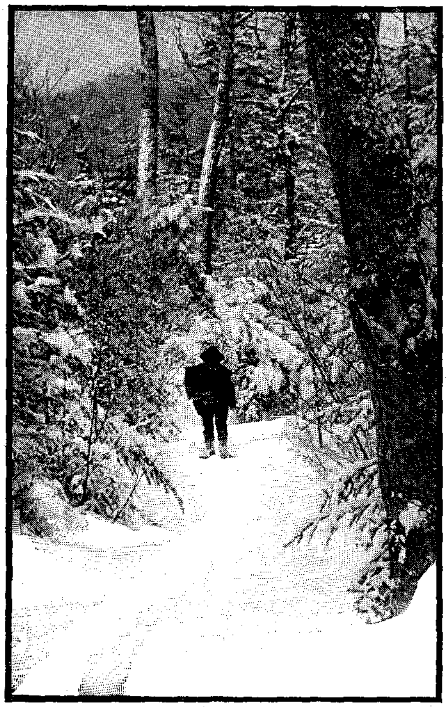
Pictures by Arthur Hewitt



THERE were many reasons why we wanted to go through the Indian Pass on snow-shoes, but two were more important than all the rest. It had never been done before. The oldest inhabitant said so, and all the other natives we saw agreed with him—no one had made the trip in winter since the days when the St. Regis Indians used the pass as a thoroughfare through the mountains and gave it its name. The second reason was that we had never traveled on snow-shoes in our lives. The combination promised to be interesting and possibly exciting.

The Indian Pass in summer I knew well. The first night that I ever spent in camp was passed at its eastern end, and I had explored it on other occasions as well. I knew that it was a hard trip, with some stiff climbing, from Lake Henderson to Clear Lake, even in the summer, and I suspected that in winter it wouldn't be any easier. But more than half the fun in going into the woods lies in doing things that are hard. Hewitt had only seen the pass from a distance, but he had heard of the beauties of its scenery; and he was as anxious as I to try his hand, so to speak, at the snow-shoeing.

The range of mountains which forms the backbone of the Adirondacks, and is dominated by Mount Marcy and Mount



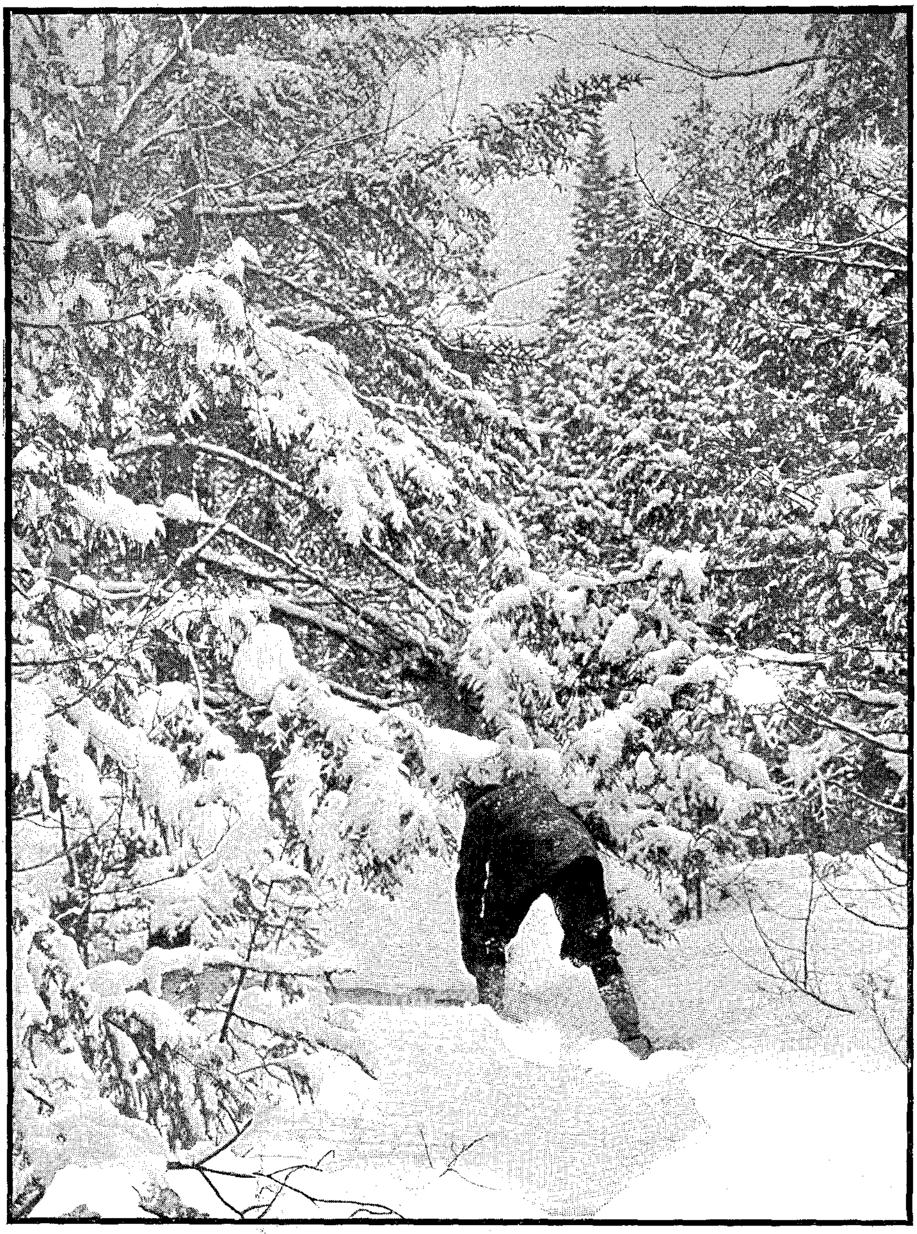
A PLEASANT RELIEF FROM THE STIFF CLIMBING IN THE PASS

McIntyre, is pierced by two passes. They are wild and rough and have as yet escaped the civilizing touch of the exploiter of scenery who prepares the way for the tourist. Indian Pass is the more picturesque and interesting. At one end, on Lake Henderson, are the Adirondack Iron Works, where many years ago some enterprising pioneers erected a furnace and undertook to turn the mountains into iron and steel, until the difficulties of transporting their product ate up their profits and they were forced to give it up. The Iron Works are now the headquarters of the Adirondack Club, whose preserves extend for miles in all directions. At the other end, on Clear Lake, stood for a quarter of a century the Adirondack Lodge, a unique mountain hostelry, built of giant spruce logs, and saturated with the atmosphere of the woods and the hills and the good out-of-doors. The Lodge was destroyed in a great forest fire several years ago, but its memory will always live with those who entered the North Woods through its portals under the guidance of its great-hearted owner.

Our plan was to take an early start from the Iron Works and go through Indian Pass to a lumber camp which was said to be somewhere near the site of the Adirondack Lodge. There we would spend the night, and the next day come back through Avalanche Pass to Lake Colden, where there is a log camp belonging to the Adirondack Club. We would spend a day there exploring, and then return to the Club-House. The entire distance is about twenty-five miles.

Obviously, the most important preparation for our trip was to learn to walk on snow-shoes. We had some misgivings as to the learning, misgivings carefully fostered by our more experienced friends. But we boldly tied on our shoes, and, to our great surprise, walked off across the snow with ease if not with grace. A very short pilgrimage filled us with pride at our remarkable skill; but the proverbial fate of such arrogance arrived with rather more than its usual suddenness. A fall on snow-shoes has both advantages and disadvantages. It is practically impossible to hurt yourself in the soft snow; but the problem of getting to your feet again is a complicated one, especially if one foot has slipped out of its toe-strap, as it generally has.

A STOP FOR REPAIRS; WHEN YOU GET YOUR SNOW-SHOES OFF YOU REALIZE HOW DEEP THE SNOW REALLY IS



THE SPRUCE-TREES WITH THEIR HEAVY WHITE LOADS ARE BEAUTIFUL, BUT THEY DO SPILL SNOW DOWN THE BACK OF YOUR NECK

A few falls teach you the most obvious things to be avoided, and progress is smoother. You think that you are already nearing perfection in the art. You smile scornfully as you think of the predictions of your friends. But if at this point you start off for a tramp with an experienced snow-shoer, and try to follow him closely, you soon learn your error. The rudiments of snow-shoe travel are easy to acquire; but the "long and limber stride," in perfect unconsciousness of your strange foot-gear, which carries you through the woods for hours faster than you can travel on bare ground, is a thing which only experience can bring. There are hitherto unsuspected muscles to be

LOOKING BACK THROUGH INDIAN PASS FROM SUMMIT ROCK trained, which soon make their presence known by complainings "not loud but deep." You must learn by experiment just how tight to pull the thongs that secure the snow-shoes. If they are too loose, the shoe will flop, and probably your foot will slip out of the toe-strap; if too tight, the foot will be pushed too far forward and strike the cross-bar of the snow-shoe, inevitably throwing you. Above all, you must learn to forget that you are wearing snow-shoes. The nearer you can come to a natural walking gait the better you will travel.

We quickly mastered the rudiments and started off for a long tramp. We stayed out a couple of hours and returned with aching muscles, but with increased confidence in our snow-shoes and ourselves. We repeated our practice trip in the afternoon and twice the next day, all the while getting more proficient and stronger of muscle.

When we felt that we were ready to attempt the Pass, a consideration of ways and means was in order. We were to spend one night at the lumber camp, so that we should not need to carry any food for that time. But for the two days at the Lake Colden camp we should need a good supply of provisions. It was decided that George, one of our guides, should go direct to the Colden Camp to carry food and to dig the snow away from the door and have it ready for us when we got there. Our baggage was light, except for the cameras, of which there were two, and the plate-holders. In traveling on snow-shoes in heavy snow a man can carry only about twenty pounds, so that we found it necessary to engage the services of a young lumber-jack to help carry the photographic equipment. We novices expected to have about all we could do to get ourselves through—an expectation in which we were not disappointed.

Our first day's trip through the Pass promised to be a hard one, for the snow in the woods was in a condition to make snow-shoeing difficult. There was a strong crust, but it was covered by ten or twelve inches of soft snow. In snow like this the snow-shoe sinks six or eight inches, and with each step you must lift several pounds of snow. Besides, each foot must be raised so much higher to clear the surface. The continual strain on the legs is very tiring, and under such conditions you must go slower and cover less ground. We spent another day in going several miles up the Pass to break a trail for the next day. The additional practice would be useful, and the beaten track would give us a good start for our real trip.

The weather had been pleasant during our three days of preparation, but as we started it began to snow. The falling snow itself did not bother us. When everything—ground, trees, bushes, and rocks—is covered with deep snow, it seems the natural and inevitable thing that more snow should fall. In the woods it comes down quietly and unobtrusively and seems to make no perceptible addition to the snow already on the ground. When, after half a mile along a lumber road, we came out on Lake Henderson, we found that a bitter cold wind was driving the snow down the lake. This was quite another matter, and we hastened to draw our caps over our ears and button up our coats. We had nearly a mile to go in the face of that wind, and we didn't want to take any chances of frozen ears. It was rather a discouraging beginning for our expedition, but we put our heads down and plodded along, knowing that the wind would not trouble us in the woods. As we reached the head of the lake and entered the shelter of the trees, we found our trail of yesterday, fresh and undrifted. Four pairs of snow-shoes going over the same track, even in the deepest snow, make a path like that of a small snow-plow. The sides of the track are sharply defined and five or six inches deep. The bottom is packed hard, and your snow-shoes don't sink in at all.

As we tramped along the trail we might be catalogued about as follows: Henry, a woodsman of the best type, long, lean, and sinewy, speaking seldom, but when he spoke saying something worth hearing—kindly, dryly humorous, a hard worker. Ira, a typical young lumber-jack, foreman of a lumber camp, with muscles like iron, free and hard of speech, but a good fellow and likable. Hewitt, a man of great technical skill with the camera, and, what is rarer, with a keen eye for a picture (which is a very different thing from a photograph); to all outward appearances frail in body, but with a surprising reserve store of strength concealed somewhere about him, and, above all, gifted (or afflicted) with an Artistic Temperament. Lastly, the youth with the note-book, sound in limb, but deficient in wind through the sedentary character of his vocation, and an ardent lover of outdoor life.

The two miles between the lake and the end of our beaten track we thoroughly enjoyed. It was a relief to be free from the biting wind. We were feeling fresh and eager, and our snow-plow path made snow-shoeing a pleasure. Our way was enlivened by a flow of poetical selections from the artist member of the party. His supply seemed inexhaustible, and he strode through the woods declaiming all manner of verses, more or less appropriate to the occasion. As the way grew harder the outpouring diminished, but there was one poem that never failed him. Nothing is more appropriate for such a tramp than one of Dr. van Dyke's outdoor lyrics, and the different stanzas of this particular one certainly fitted in to all kinds of situations:

> "Long, long, long the trail
> Through the brooding forest gloom
> Down the shadowy, lonely vale
> Into silence."

The trail led along the banks of Indian Pass Brook, crossing it from time to time to reach more level ground. The brook was completely hidden beneath the snow, except where here and there the current was so swift that it had not frozen over, leaving holes where the black water murmured and gurgled.

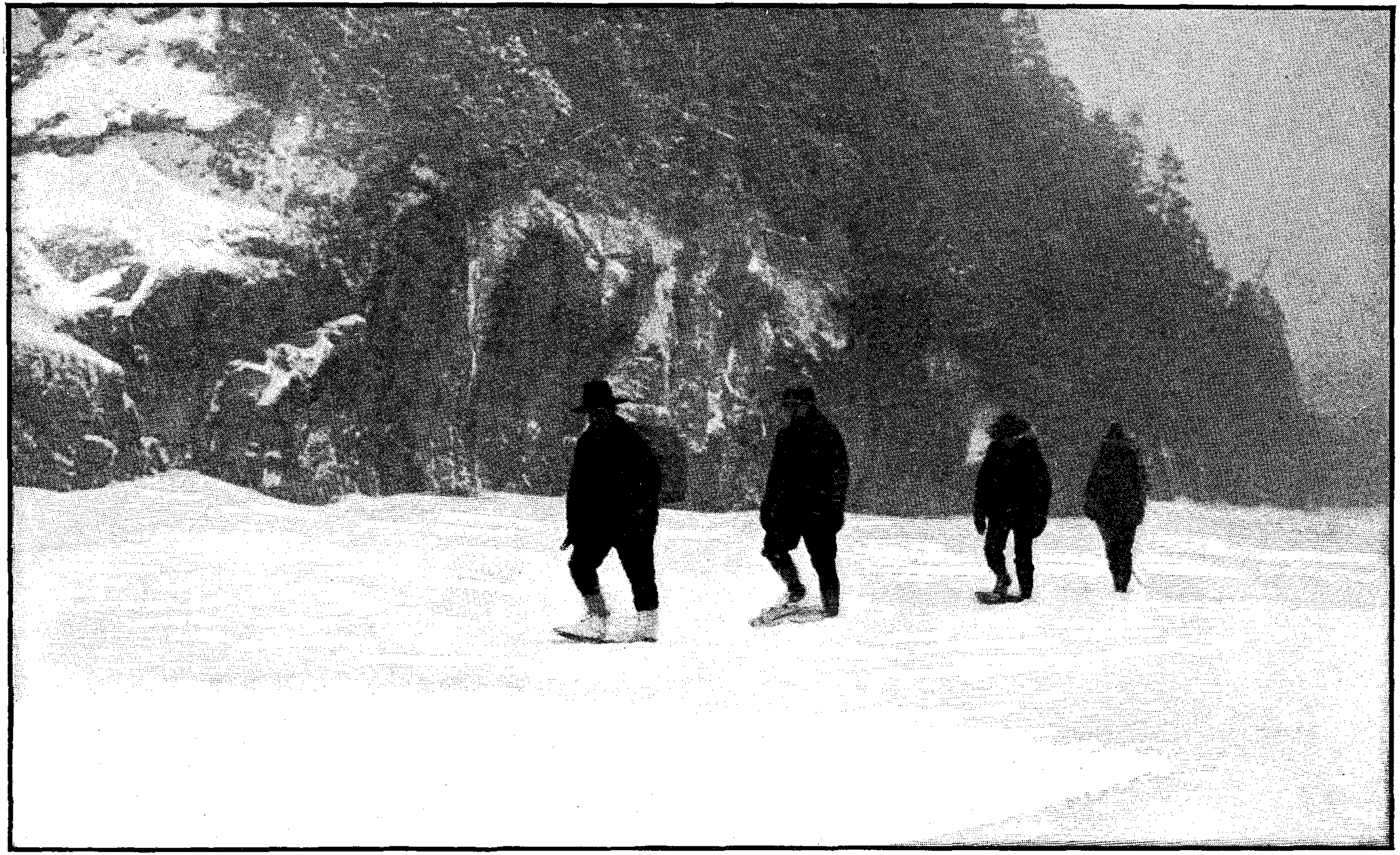
A BURST OF ENTHUSIASM WITH THE USUAL RESULT

There were plenty of fresh deer tracks everywhere. The deer had wandered along browsing on the dormant buds of the bushes and saplings, and quenching their thirst at the air-holes in the brook. There were many other signs of life along the trail. Here a rabbit had passed, looking for bushes whose tender bark might appease his hunger. There a fox dragging his heavy brush through the snow had gone, stealthily searching for an unsuspecting partridge. Further on were evidences of a forest tragedy, where Mr. Fox had found his partridge and left only the feathers and a little blood. A mouse, encouraged perhaps by the warmth of the noonday sun, had come out of his nest in a rotten stump for a constitutional. Two hollows in the snow a couple of feet apart showed where a partridge had dived under this warm coverlid for a night's sleep, coming out again when urged by hunger in the morning. The woods were very silent. There was no chorus of birds, none of those little noises that make the forest in summer so companionable. Only the industrious hammering of a woodpecker broke the stillness, or the cheerful talk of a chickadee that had found the Northern woods too pleasant to desert for the balmy South.

We had come the day before as far as the point where the Pass proper begins, beyond which there was hard climbing until we reached Summit Rock. The Pass is a deep cleft between the slopes of Mount McIntyre and the precipitous side of Mount Wallface. The bottom of the Pass is filled with gigantic boulders wrenched off from the cliffs by frost and time. Passage is impossible among these rocks, and the trail climbs the side of McIntyre until it is one hundred feet above the bottom of the Pass. We found the ascent of this slope a slow and ardu-

A HELPING HAND

A SIMULTANEOUS COLLAPSE



HOMEWARD BOUND THROUGH THE FALLING SNOW

ous task. The smooth under surface of the snow-shoe has nothing to catch in the crust and give a purchase for the next step. Four times out of five it begins to slip as you throw your weight forward for the stride, and either slides back to where you were before or twists around sideways. Snow-shoes are intended, by the nature of their being, to move straight forward. When one of them has started off down hill at an angle of ninety degrees from the other, and when the footing of that other is none too stable, the task of bringing them once more into their proper relations is a complicated and delicate one. The snow-shoe must be coaxed, not treated violently; a sudden twist may pull the foot from under the toe-strap. Then the shoe, which is still attached to the ankle by its thongs, gives a good imitation of the ball and chain of a convict. Untying frozen thongs and reinstating a foot in its snow-shoe with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero is no pleasant task under the most favorable circumstances; but when you are perched on a slope like the roof of a house on a single snow-shoe which manifests an insane desire to slip backward to the bottom of the incline, it is well-nigh impossible. But you soon get used to accomplishing the impossible on a trip like this.

Trees and saplings are a great help in climbing. Their branches give you a hold to pull yourself up by and their trunks a firm rest for the next step. But they are all too few where you really need them, and there are long stretches of snow that must be accomplished, like the Irishman's playing of the fiddle, "by main strength, bejabers."

Our progress up that slope was eminently characteristic. Henry climbed steadily and silently, and soon was far in advance of the rest. The lumberjack's ascent was more impetuous but less steady, and frequent mishaps wrung from him a flow of picturesque language. I tried to imitate Henry, but had neither his endurance nor his quiet persistence. I advanced by stages of gradually diminishing length, punctuated by stops for breath and renewed strength. Hewitt's course was dramatic in its sudden outburst of energy, followed by periods of Homeric gloom. A gentle murmur came from below as he painfully plodded along.

"'Yield, yield, yield thy quest,'
Whispers through the woodland deep;
'Come to me and be at rest;
I am slumber, I am sleep.'"

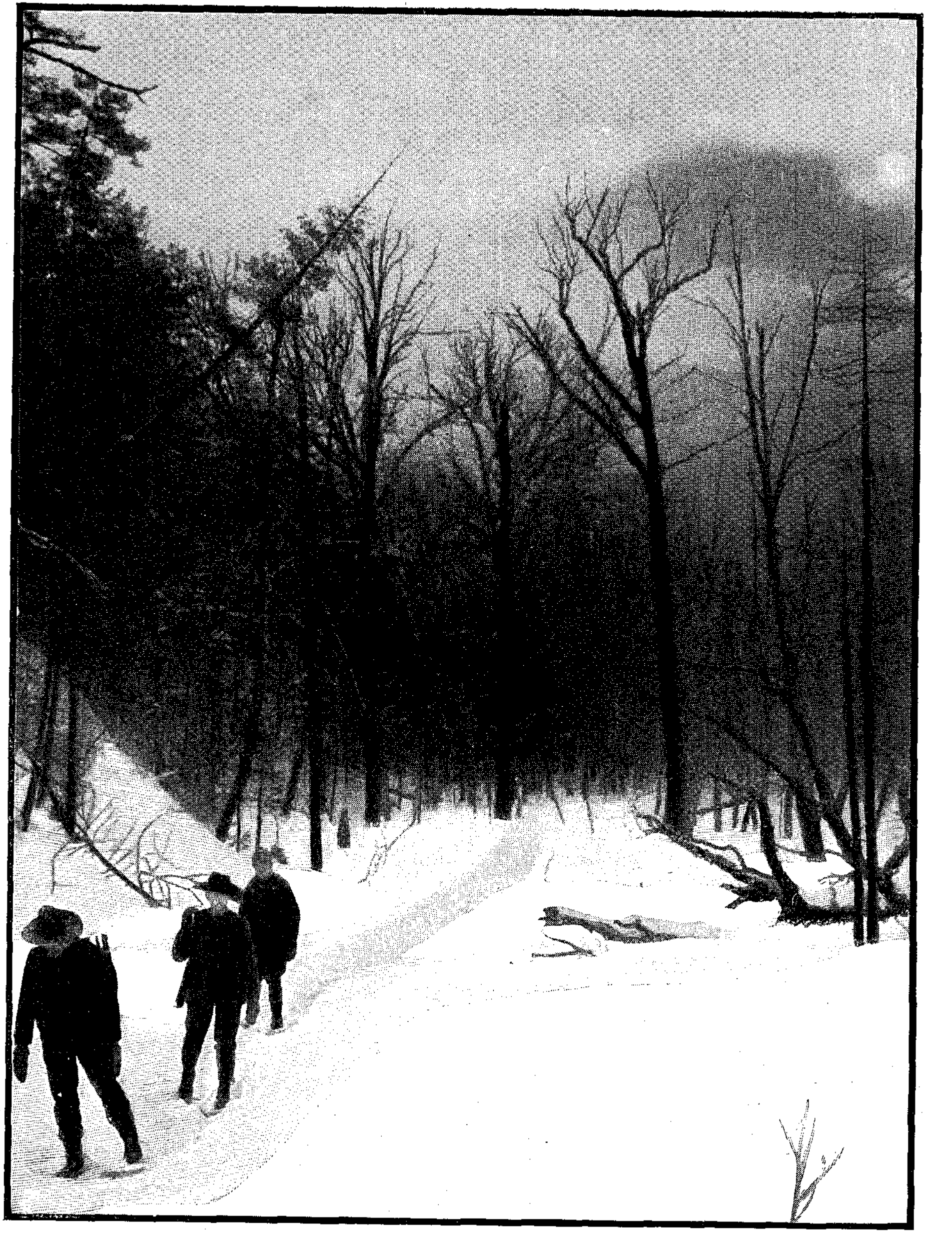
It died away into silence. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, he came crashing up the slope, spouting in a grand crescendo:

"'But the never daunted will
Urges, 'Forward, forward still!
Press along the trail.'"

For a few yards he kept his feet by sheer force of his impetus. The inevitable tumble jerked first one foot from its toe-strap and then the other; but he clambered on, on hands and knees, till the fire had burned itself out and he sank into the snow, vowing he must sleep then and there. From our perches above we roused him with mighty shouts and the process began all over again.

A couple of hours of this kind of climbing carried us well up into the Pass. In that time we had covered only a distance which on bare ground we could have made in fifteen or twenty minutes. At this point the slope became suddenly steeper, rising at an angle of sixty degrees. Progress on snow-shoes was impossible. So we took them off and climbed laboriously without them. As long as the crust held under our feet we were all right, but about every third step it would break through, and the climber would sink up to his waist. In half an hour we covered perhaps a hundred feet.

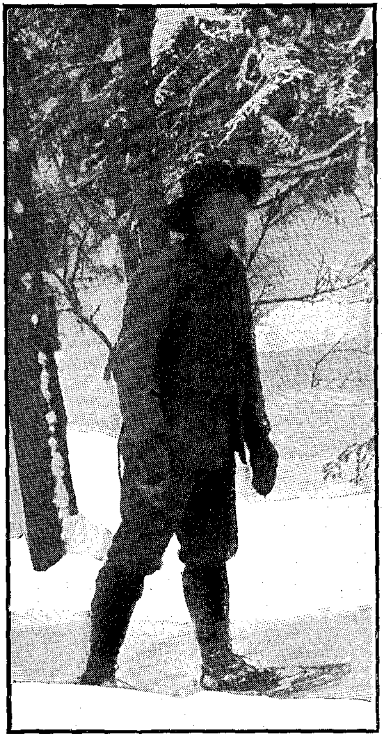
Once past this steep ascent it was a comparatively easy tramp to Summit Rock, the highest point in the Pass, which was reached about one o'clock. This is the only spot where an adequate view of the Pass can be obtained. We wanted some pictures here, we wanted a rest, we wanted something to eat, and above all we wanted something to drink. Not a drop of water had we had since morning. When you are traveling rapidly and perspiring freely, thirst makes itself manifest about as soon in cold weather as in hot. The guides found a sheltered corner for a fire and lunch, while we climbed out on the Rock with the cameras. We had



SAFELY THROUGH THE PASS, BUT WITH A WEARY FOUR MILES AHEAD

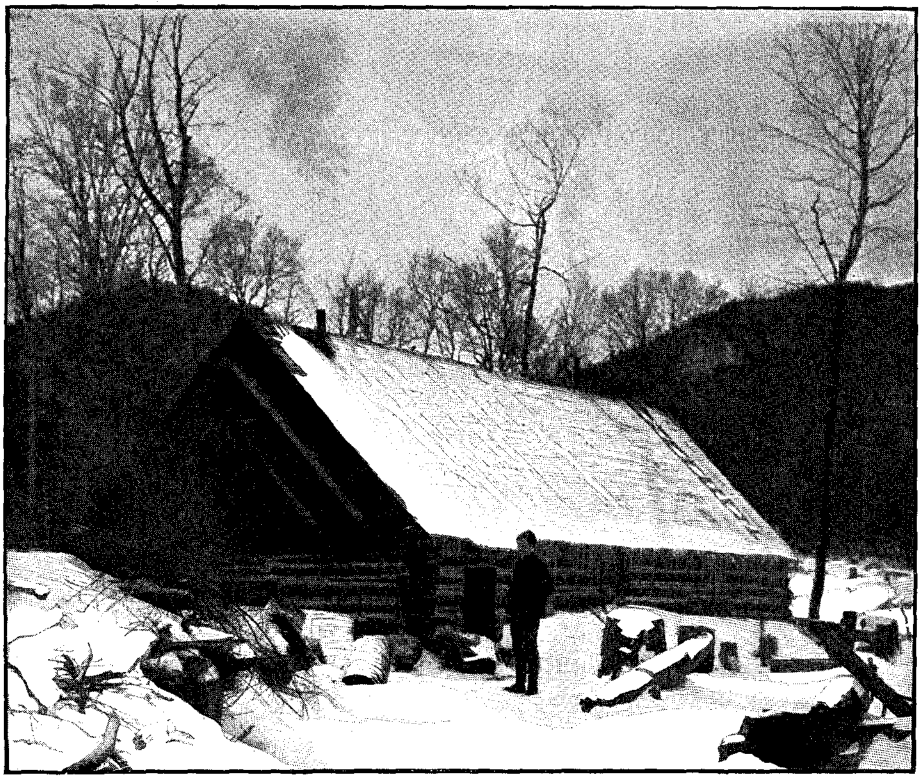
not felt the wind among the trees, but here we got its full force, sweeping down the Pass laden with fine particles of ice. It took only a moment or two to dissipate the fine glow of warmth resulting from our hard climb, and to send us shivering to our extra sweaters. It was cruel work photographing in such an exposed position. I tried my hand at one picture of Hewitt wrapped in contemplation of the top of Wallface; but I was glad enough to get my mittens on again and beat my hands together to start the circulation. The artistic temperament, however, proved indomitable, and only a narrow escape from a fall over the edge of the Rock finally persuaded him to stop work and consider the subject of lunch. The meal was simple but welcome after our exhaust-ing climb. The slabs of bread and butter were frozen solid, but we melted them after a fashion over the smoky little fire, and washed them down with comforting draughts of hot coffee. A few doughnuts, not quite so badly frozen, served for dessert and helped to carry us through the afternoon. Doughnuts are great things for a trip like this, for they "stick to the ribs" and keep hunger off longer than almost anything else. There wasn't a great deal to eat, and it didn't take us long to dispose of it, but before we were ready to start on again we were thoroughly chilled. One of the most striking differences between a snow-shoe trip and a summer tramp is that in winter you must keep going to keep warm. No matter how tired you are, you can't rest long, for the cold is very soon worse than the weariness. Our feet were numb and our hands fairly ached with the cold by the time we had our snow-shoes strapped on again and were ready to start. It didn't take many minutes, though, of rapid tramping to get the circulation going briskly again, and that was the only time during the whole trip when we really suffered from cold.

Beyond Summit Rock the trail drops down through the Pass again. The way was even rougher than in the morning, for we were now traveling the bed of the Pass, filled with huge rocks and fallen trees. There was plenty of variety and not a little climbing where a prostrate tree-trunk or a great mass of rock barred the way, or where we had to go up the side slope to get around an impenetrable tangle of bushes and branches of fallen trees. The general trend was always



HENRY

A WATER-HOLE IS AS WELCOME AS AN OASIS IN A DESERT downward, and the little stretches of climbing only served to remind us of the hard labor of the morning, and to emphasize the pleasant contrast of a downhill road. This side of the Pass had been more sheltered from the wind, and the snow lay as it had fallen, producing the most wonderful effects on the boughs of the spruce-trees. Each stump had its white cap, shaped like a blunt-nosed ten-inch shell. A tree-trunk slanted across the trail bore a mass of snow three feet deep and so narrow that it seemed as if it must fall at the first touch. For two hours we traveled down the Pass rejoicing in the beauty of the snow-laden woods. Four o'clock found us through the Pass and four miles from Clear Lake, where we hoped to find our lumber camp. The snow had stopped falling, and as we looked back at the cleft through which we had come the sun shone hazily through the clouds for a moment, as if he, too, were weary and wishing for the end of his day's journey. Our path now lay across land scarred and slashed by the lumberman's ax. There was no beauty to divert us, no sense of difficulties to be overcome to spur us on, no buoyancy of spirit to give spring to our muscles. We were conscious only of our weariness, of the length of the road before us, and of a craving for food and rest. We tramped along doggedly, interested only in covering the ground and absorbed in the business of avoiding the obstacles that became so surprisingly more numerous and annoying as we grew more tired. Little branches that in the morning we would have brushed aside without a thought slapped us viciously in the face, or held us prisoner till they were lifted laboriously over our heads. It was a distinct and painful effort to keep our equilibrium after a false step or an unwary slip. The snow-shoes were heavy with snow that had stuck to the strands of the webbing and frozen too tight to be easily shaken off. Thongs had loosened under the continual strain, and the crossbar of the snow-shoe was slippery with a coat of ice. We were no longer



THE LUMBER CAMP AND ITS HOSPITABLE BOSS

AVALANCHE LAKE, WITH THE "ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT" ILLUSTRATING THE "LONG AND LIMBER STRIDE"

unconscious of our footgear, but were painfully aware of the slipping, flopping, clumsy attachments that seemed invented only to torment and hinder us. We were very silent; even the artistic temperament could only murmur from the depths of its melancholy,

"On, on onward tramp!
Will the journey never end?"

Then, as a little ray of hope breaks through the gloom,

"Over yonder lies the camp;
Welcome waits us there, my friend."

It seemed ages that we plodded along that gloomy road, passing a couple of deserted lumber camps, crossing Clear Lake, turning beyond into an old tote-road, long untraveled. We began to wonder if that lumber camp were not a myth, and to speculate dully on our chances of surviving a night in the snow. We had tramped a few thousand miles beyond the lake when we saw a group of buildings looming through the trees. A last reserve of energy that kind Nature always keeps for such emergencies suddenly infused our limbs. It was with something almost like our morning's vigor that we covered the hundred yards to the door of the shanty.

It was a large, low-raftered room which we entered, lighted by two or three lanterns, and with a glorious stove in the middle. Three or four lumber-jacks were seated on benches near the stove. It was evident from sounds which came from the next room that the rest of the crew were at supper. We walked in, laid our snow-shoes in a corner, pulled off mittens and sweaters, and sat down to enjoy the warmth. It was a surprising reception for us who were used to the curiosity of civilization. Beyond a nod and a word of greeting, no more notice was taken of us than of a man who drops into his club at his accustomed hour. We were, naturally, a little proud of our achievement, and presently I ventured:

"We've just come through Indian Pass from the Iron Works."

"That so? Must be a lot of snow in the Pass now?"

"Eight or ten feet, I guess." And that was all!

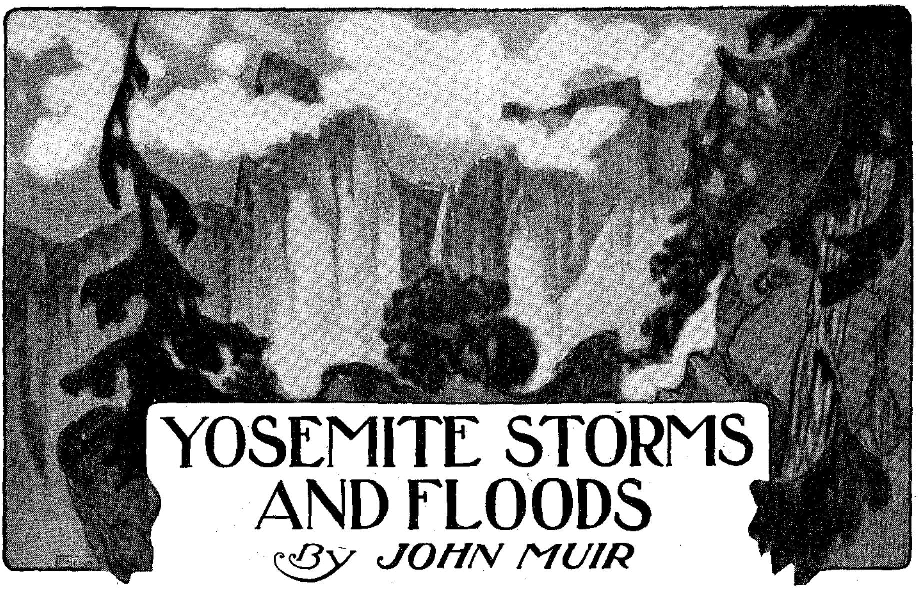
The boss of the shanty came in presently from supper, with the rest of the crew, and greeted us a little more cordially. Their job was about finished, and they were closing the shanty in a day or two. They couldn't offer us much variety in the way of grub, but we were welcome to what there was. We needed no second invitation to supper, and disposed with alarming rapidity of an enormous quantity of food. We were no less ready for our bunks, and morning came in a moment.

It was a glorious day, and we took up the trail again in high spirits. For the first few miles we traveled through the woods where our hosts of the night before and the lumbermen from a neighboring camp were finishing their season's work. Along the banks of a little stream that looked as if half a dozen logs would choke it were piled cord after cord of the raw material from which newspapers are made. The little stream in a few months would sweep those logs away like toothpicks and carry them down to their destination.

We were soon out of the lumbered land into the virgin forest. The beauty of those woods was a silent but powerful protest against the devastation we had just left. To our lumber-jack the expanse of noble spruce-trees was simply so much pulp-wood waiting for his ax. He was busy selecting a spot for a shanty, laying out tote-roads, and estimating the number of " standards " to the acre, unconscious of any value in those trees except as food for a pulp-mill.

The journey through Avalanche Pass is a pleasant contrast to the rigors of Indian Pass. There is hard climbing for short distances, but it lasts only long enough to remind you how easy the rest of it is. At the highest point in the Pass, where we stopped for a little lunch, fortunately unfrozen, and a smoke, we were only a few miles from the Colden Camp. There was no need of hurry, the sun was bright, the air was warm, and we loitered along, playing like boys in the feathery snow. We slid down inclines, generally falling head over heels half-way down. We tried impossible feats of climbing over rocks and up ledges, coming to grief inevitably and joyously. We ran races with wild hilarity, if our elephantine gait can be dignified by the name of running. We did all the stunts that our ingenuity could suggest, invariably ending with one or both of us headlong in a drift. The background of the toil and discomfort and cold of yesterday only increased our pleasure in the warmth and leisure of to-day.

We reached Colden Camp early in the afternoon, where we found George with food, fire, and a hearty greeting. That day and the next we loafed around camp and took little trips of exploration to points not too far away. We had worked hard enough for one trip, and we wanted to be lazy. The next day took us back to the Club-House, satisfied with our tramp and a little proud of our pioneer achievement.



YOSEMITE STORMS AND FLOODS

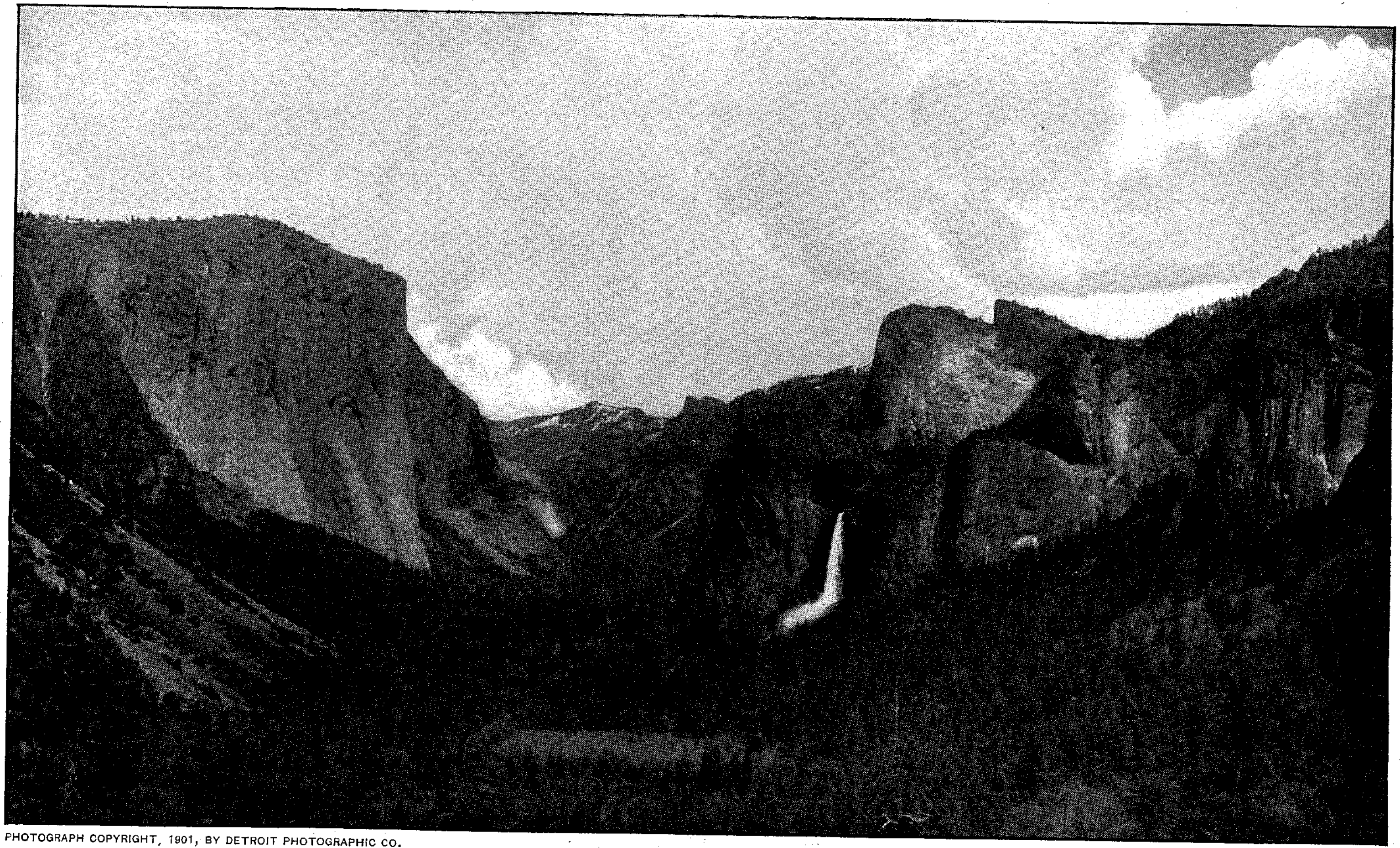
By JOHN MUIR

ALL the upper branches of the Sierra rivers are buried every winter beneath a heavy mantle of snow, and set free in the spring in magnificent floods. Then, the thousand thousand fountains full and overflowing, every living thing breaks forth into singing, and the glad streams, outspread over all the mountains, shine and fall in glorious light, shaking everything into music, making all the world a song.

The great annual thaw begins in May in the forest region, and is in full overflowing prime over the high Sierra in June, varying somewhat both in time and fullness with the weather and depth of the snow. Toward the end of summer the streams are at their lowest ebb, few even of the strongest singing much above a whisper as they slip and ripple through gravel and boulder beds from pool to pool in the hollows of their channels, and fall in sheets of embroidery, fold over fold, down their stairways of precipices and polished inclines. But, however low their singing, it is always ineffably fine in tone, in harmony with the restful time of the year, when all the heavy work is finished.

The first snow of the season that comes to the help of the streams usually falls in September or October, sometimes in August, in the midst of yellow Indian summer, when the goldenrods and gentians of the glacier meadows are in their glory. This Indian summer snow, however, soon melts, the chilled flowers spread their petals to the sun, and the gardens as well as the streams are refreshed as if only a warm shower had fallen. The storms that load the mountains with snow that is to form the main fountain supply for the year seldom set in before the middle or end of November. The first fall is usually from two to four feet in depth. Then, with intervals of fine, sunny weather, storm follows storm, heaping snow on snow, until from thirty to sixty feet has fallen; but on account of heavy settling and compacting and the loss from melting and evaporation, the depth over the middle forest region rarely exceeds ten feet.

When the first heavy storms stopped work on the mountains, I made haste down to Yosemite Valley, my glorious winter den, not to "hole up" and sleep the white months away like the marmots and bears. I was out every day, and often all night, sleeping but little, wading, climbing, sauntering among the blessed storms and calms, the so-called wonders and common things ever on show, rejoicing in almost everything alike that I could see or hear—the



PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

glorious brightness of frosty mornings; the floods of sunbeams pouring over the white domes and crags into the groves and waterfalls, kindling marvelous iris fires in the hoarfrost and spray; the great forests and mountains in their deep noon sleep; the good-night alpenglow; the stars; the solemn gazing moon drawing the huge domes and headlands one by one glowing white out of the gloomy shadows, hushed and breathless like an audience in awful enthusiasm, while the meadows at their feet, afire with frost-diamonds, shine like the starry sky; the sublime darkness of storm-nights, when all the lights are out; the clouds in whose depths the frail snow-flowers grow, the behavior and many voices of the storms, trees, birds, waterfalls, snow avalanches in the ever-changing weather—and so on and on without end.

Every bright frosty morning loud sounds boom and reverberate from side to side of the Valley at intervals of a few minutes, beginning soon after sunrise and continuing an hour or two like a thunder-storm. They are made by the fall of frozen spray from the face of the cliff over which the Upper Yosemite Fall pours, and are loudest in the calmest, sunniest weather.

Frozen spray also gives rise to one of the most interesting winter features of the great fall—a pure white crystal hill, four or five hundred feet high, steep and hard to climb, shining at the foot of the fall and the smooth gray cliff, and often made glorious with irised spray. When nearly approached, it is seen to be a hollow, truncated cone, with the whole volume of the fall plunging down its crater-like throat with deep, muffled, rumbled explosions of compressed air, and, after being well churned and ground, escaping by arched openings at its base. It is built during the night and early hours of the morning; only in spells of exceptionally cold and cloudy weather is the work continued through the day. The greater part of the spray material falls in crystalline showers direct to its place; but a considerable portion is first frozen upon the face of the cliff along the sides of the fall, where it stays until expanded and cracked off by the sun in irregular masses, tons in weight. Thus the finest of the downy wafts and curls of spray-dust, which in mild nights fall about as silently as dew, are held back until sunrise to make a store of heavy ice to reinforce the waterfall's thunder-tones, and announce the arrival of the calmest, brightest days.

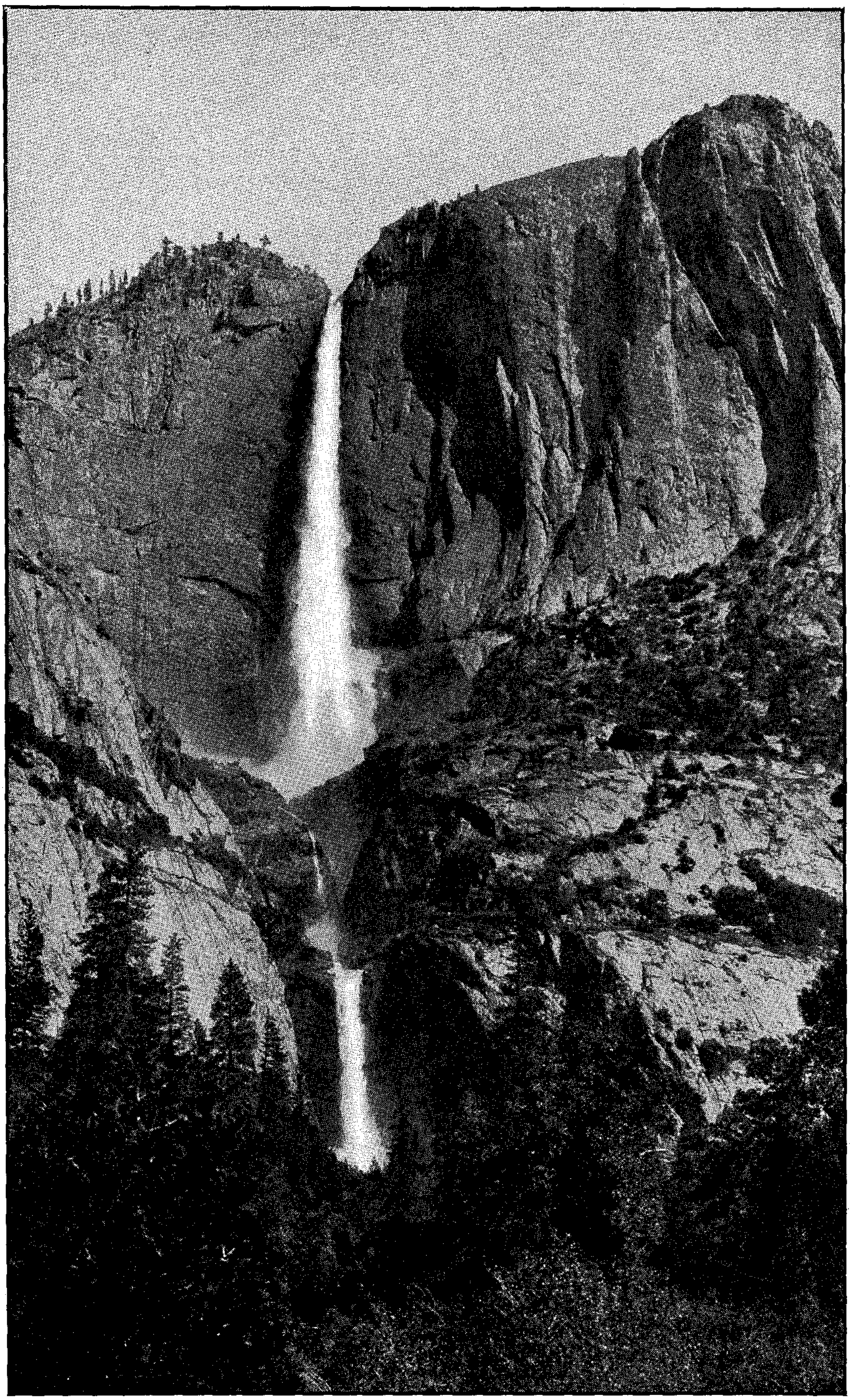
The Upper Yosemite Fall, on account of its greater height and exposure, is more influenced by the wind than any of the others. The summer winds that come up the river cañon from the sea and the plains are seldom stormy; but the winter gales do some very wild work, bending and twisting and at times fairly worrying the falls and forests, and hanging snow banners a mile long on the summit peaks.

One morning I was awakened by a pelting shower of pine-cones, and soon learned that a grand Norther was storming about the Valley, playing with the falls as if they were mere wisps of mist, and making the great pines bow and sing with glorious, exhilarating enthusiasm. Soon after sunrise, when I was seeking a place safe from flying branches, I saw the Lower Yosemite Fall thrashed and pulverized from top to bottom into one glorious mass of rainbow dust; while a thousand feet above it the main Upper Fall was suspended on the face of the cliff in the form of an inverted bow, all silvery white and fringed with short wavering strips. Then, suddenly assailed by a tremendous blast, the whole mass of the fall was blown into threads and ribbons, and driven back over the brow of the cliff whence it came, as if denied admission to the Valley. This kind of show-work was continued about ten or fifteen minutes; then another change in the play of the huge exulting swirls and billows and upheaving domes of the gale allowed the baffled fall to gather and arrange its tattered waters, and sing down again in its place. As the day advanced, the wild, triumphant gale gave no sign of dying, excepting brief lulls; the Valley was filled with its weariless roar, and the bright, cloudless sky grew garish white from myriads of minute sparkling snow-spicules. In the afternoon, when I was watching the storm from the shelter of a big pine-tree, the Upper Fall was suddenly arrested about half-way down the cliff without being blown either upward or sidewise. The whole ponderous flood, weighing hundreds of tons, was simply held stationary in mid-air about one and a half minutes, resting on the invisible arm of the wind as if gravitation at that point in its path had been abolished. The ordinary amount of water, in the meantime, was pouring over the cliff, swedging and widening, forming a cone about seven hundred feet high. At length, as if ordered to go on, scores of arrowy comets shot down from the base of the majestic cone of white water as if escaping through separate outlets.

But glorious as are these Yosemite waterfalls rejoicing in all their bright array of icy jewelry and light, and in their sublime fullness of beauty and power in the spring, they sometimes enjoy a glad storm glory that excels all this, to be seen only once in a long rare while, when the snow lying deep on the mountains is suddenly melted into music and floods in the depth of winter. In all the years I have lived in Yosemite, only once have I seen the Valley in full universal flood-bloom. In the afternoon of December 16, 1871, a magnificent crimson cloud towered aloft in solitary grandeur above the Cathedral Rocks. It had a noble buttressed base, and smooth shaft like an old Sequoia, and a broad bossy down-curling crown, with all its parts colored alike in glowing crimson. Wondering what the meaning of this lonely red cloud might be, I was up betimes next morning watching the sky. Nothing like a storm sign came in sight until near noon, when thin curly gray clouds began to blur the sunshine, and after dark rain fell, which soon changed to snow. By daylight next morning nearly a foot had fallen, and it was still snowing thick and fast, and the avalanches began to sound.

In the night of the 18th there was another change to heavy rain, but as the temperature was only two degrees above the freezing point, the snow-line was only a few hundred feet above the Valley floor. The streams, therefore, instead of being increased in volume by this rain, were diminished, because the fresh snow sponged up part of their waters and choked the smaller tributaries. But toward midnight the temperature suddenly rose to 42 degrees, carrying the snow-line above the rim of the Valley over the upper basins, and next morning the Valley was white, not with snow, but with waterfalls. The warm rain falling on the snow was at first absorbed and held back in perfect hushed silence, and so also was that portion of the snow that the rain melted, and all that was melted by the roaring, devouring flood of warm wind until the whole mass of the snow was saturated, became sludgy, and at length slipped, melted, and rushed simultaneously from a thousand slopes into the upper channels in wild, overwhelming extravagance, swelling and heaping flood over flood, and plunging down the cliffs in stupendous rock-shaking avalanches.

Called by the glorious storm, I made haste into the midst of it. The rain was like one vast cataract, and the wind blowing a gale was working in passionate accord with the rain and the streams. The section of the north wall of the valley opposite my cabin was covered with a network of falls and cascades, a glorious company of visitors that seemed strangely out of place, coming down everywhere like the rain without any apparent reference to channels. The two Sentinel cascades back of my cabin, scarce noticeable in summer, rivaled the great falls at ordinary stages, and across the Valley by the Three Brothers there were more falls and cascades than I could readily count, while the whole Valley, throbbing and trembling, was filled with an awful, solemn, sea-like roar. Gazing awhile in glad bewilderment, too rich and happy to know what to do, I at length tried to reach the upper meadow, where the Valley is widest, to gain general views. But the river by this time was over its banks, and the flooded meadows were lakes dotted with blue islands of half-melted snow. Along the sides of the Valley innumerable streams were hurrying to the river scattering gravel and tree ruins over the smooth garden levels. By climbing talus slopes, where the strength of these gray torrents is divided among earthquake boulders, I made out to cross them, forced my way up the Valley to Hutching's bridge,



PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

THE YOSEMITE FALLS

crossed the river, and waded out to the middle of the upper meadow. Here most of the new falls were in sight, the most glorious congregation of waterfalls I ever saw or dreamed of. On that portion of the south wall between the Sentinel rock and a point opposite the Hutching's bridge there were ten falls plunging and booming from a height of nearly three thousand feet, the smallest of which might have been heard miles away. In the neighborhood of Glacier Point there were six; between the Three Brothers and Yosemite Fall, nine; between the Yosemite and Royal Arch Falls, ten; from Washington Column to Mount Watkins, ten; and on the shoulder of Half Dome facing the Valley, three; on the slopes of Half Dome and Cloud's Rest, eight—fifty-six new falls in the upper half of the Valley. In the whole Valley there must have been more than a hundred, besides a countless host of silvery embroidering threads and ribbons gleaming everywhere. As if celebrating some great Sierra event, these enthusiastic streams in holiday attire came thronging into the Yosemite temple from all the surrounding mountains, waving white banners, shouting, rejoicing, arousing every rock and crystal of the mighty walls to throb and tingle in glad accord.

Those who have visited the Valley in summer will remember the comet-like forms of the Upper Yosemite Fall and the laces of the Nevada and Bridal Veil. In this winter jubilee the lace forms predominated, but there was no lack of heavy, hard-headed thundering comets rushing through the air in rows and clusters with sublime display of beauty and power. The lower part of one of the Sentinel cascades was composed of two main white shafts, and the space between them was filled in with chained and beaded gauze of intricate pattern, through the singing threads of which the purplish gray wall could be dimly seen. The group above Glacier Point was still more complicated in structure, displaying every imaginable form and action that water might be dashed, drawn out, combed, and woven into. Those on the north wall between Washington Column and the Royal Arch Fall were so closely related that they formed an almost continuous sheet, only slightly separated from those about Indian Cañon and the magnificent series extending to Mount Watkins. The Three Brothers and El Capitan groups were indescribably braided and netted and adorned with clusters of long-tailed comets on account of peculiarities of rock cleavage. The Dome Falls were smaller and finer. The great Half Dome at the head of the Valley, clad in light or cloud, veiled in mist or avalanches, has always seemed to me the noblest of Sierra rocks, and never nobler than in this jubilee arrayed in living water.

In the midst of all this passionate music and motion the main Yosemite Fall sang its old every-day song, as if nothing unusual was going on, until afternoon. Then, just when the storm glory seemed highest, I heard a stupendous, overbooming explosive crash and roar, as if one of the great headland rocks was falling. This was the gathered, heaped-up flood-waters of Yosemite Creek, which had just arrived, laden with logs and ice, delayed by the distance the widespread tributary streams had to travel and the comparative levelness of their basin. Now, with volume more than tenfold increased above even its springtime fullness, the great fall took its place as leader of the glorious choir.

Thus, two days and nights, sang the Yosemite waters. Then came frost; the flood visitors vanished, and the common-weather glory of sunshine and clouds, snow-storms and wind-storms, flowed on in divine winter rhythm.

Personal Impressions of John Muir

By Robert Underwood Johnson

MY first meeting with John Muir was in the spring of 1889, in a cañon of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. I had arrived but a few days before, and was dressing for a dinner *en ville* when he was announced. Rather than keep him waiting, I sent word begging him to come up. It was an unconscionably long time before I heard along the corridor a high, thin, but cheery voice calling, "Johnson! Where are you? I can't find my way in these confounded city cañons!" and when greetings were over, he launched into a disquisition on the superior intelligence with which nature marks her paths with streams and bent trees and moraines so that the wayfaring man, though city-bred, cannot err therein.

That evening was memorable to me for two manifestations of natural force—one my only experience of an earthquake shock, and the other my first impression of this human embodiment of outdoor life. Muir's subsequent knowledge of cities and of world-travel has not been able to sophisticate the lover of mountains as I saw him that night. His spare, wiry frame, thin face, and longish curling hair and beard suggested Donatello's John the Baptist in the Bargello at Florence, a comparison in which I like to indulge myself. Surely a diet of locusts and wild honey would have no terrors to Muir, who, with no sentimental pretensions to asceticism, has practiced the recently discovered "simple life" for half a century and has thriven on it. I was struck at once with the keenness and the kindliness of his eye and with the shy humor in his muffled voice, which, however, soon revealed resources of varied expression which make it to me one of the most individual and attractive voices I have ever heard.

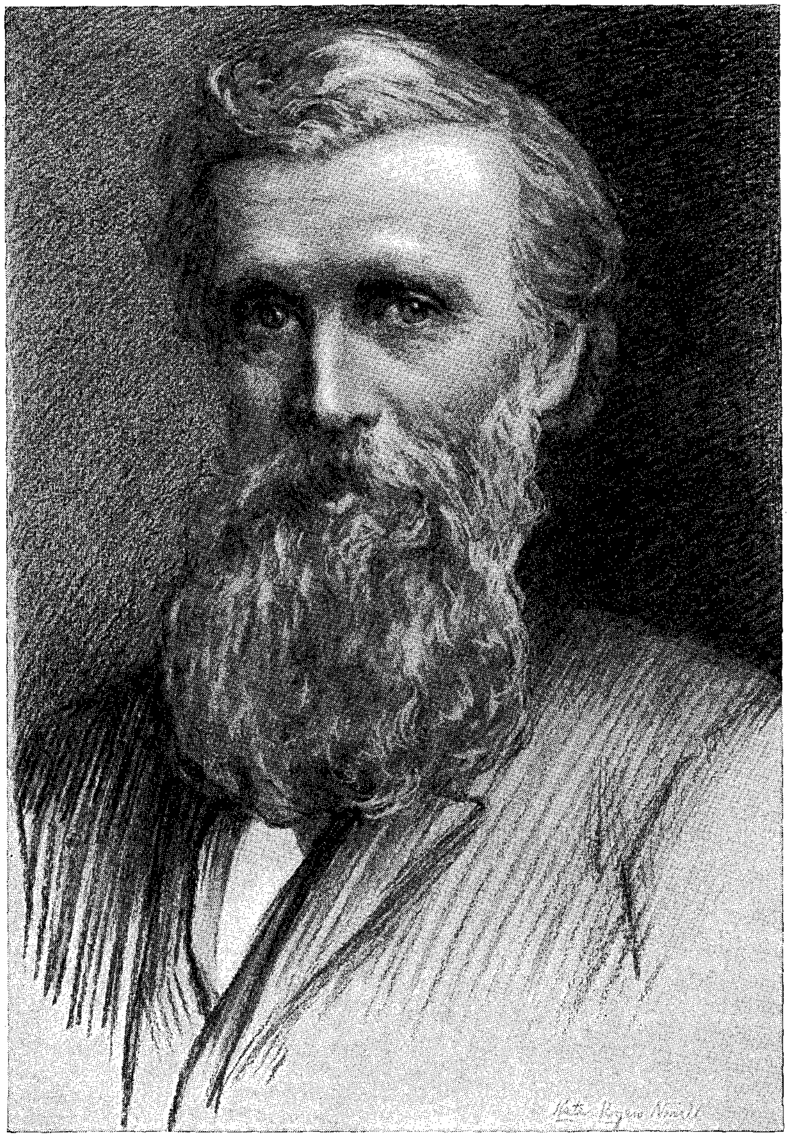
To know Muir at his best one must have camped with him as I did in the Sierra—for he generously agreed to go with me to the Yosemite. Here, happily for me, he proved to be, indeed, not only guide and philosopher, but friend. After a few days in the Valley itself, he arranged a camping expedition to the Tuolumne River and Cañon, the next gorge to the north. We had three burros, Muir, as usual, taking the worst of things provided—in this case the most obstinate and lazy piece of horseflesh out of fiction. I can see him now, astride this pernickity beast, his long legs nearly touching the ground, endeavoring to urge him along the trail, while our factotum, a Pike County woodsman, who had nearly lost his voice, kept shouting back to Muir in a stage-whisper, "Wallop him, John, wallop him!" Muir, unperturbed, was meanwhile roaring out line after line of Burns. Occasionally, when these two and their wonder-stricken tenderfoot would stop to breathe the cattle, Muir would point out a natural phenomenon with a gesture of his long, thin arm, or would break into laughter at some witticism of his own, usually directed against the folly of living in cities. His humor, which came out more sparklingly in the leisure of the camp-fire, was of rare brilliancy and point, as Scotch humor is apt to be. Underneath his most telling ridicule there was always a sympathetic tolerance of the man he was laughing at, as though to say, "God made him among the animals, and I suppose we must not be too hard on him." He disliked most the vandals of the forest—particularly those who then were stupidly taking the wildness out of the Yosemite by "improving" it; but when he met these fellows, he always had a more excellent way to show them, along with a gentle but incisive joke at their expense, which, though it turned the laugh on them, did not impair their respect for him.

It was at our camp-fire at the Tuolumne fall at the head of the cañon that Muir let himself go in whimsical denunciation of the commissioners who were doing so much to make ducks and drakes of the less rugged beauty of the Yosemite by ill-judged cutting and trimming of trees, arbitrary slashing of vistas, tolerating of pig-sties, and making room for hay-fields by cutting down laurels and underbrush—the units of measurement by which the eye is enabled, in going from lower to higher and still higher trees, ultimately to get adequate impression of the grandeur of cliffs nearly three thousand feet high. It is an old scandal, and I only refer to it now because it was at that camp-fire that a practical beginning was made of a campaign which, after fifteen years, by the recent act of recession of the Valley to the United States, we may confidently hope has ended an era of ignorant mismanagement. Muir had been set going by a challenging remark from me: "By the way, where are all those mountain meadows you wrote of—the flowers up to the breast of a horse? I didn't see any on the way over."

"No," he replied, "you didn't; but they were there when I wrote of them. It's all the devilish work of the sheep, driven up here by the hundred thousand in charge of the Portuguese. What they don't eat they dig up with their hoofs, and because of them the very waterfalls in Yosemite are shorn of volume and beauty."

It was our second night in camp. All day we had been down the Tuolumne Cañon, amid scenery hardly less remarkable than Yosemite. In spite of a fatiguing climb among gigantic boulders overgrown with manzañita, made no easier for Muir's badinage at the tenderfoot, I was wide awake with the impression of the day's wonders: a forest of saplings bent by the snows of successive winters into writhing shapes, like something out of Dante; a series of roaring falls, haunted by the ouzel darting in and out of the water; and (most unusual to me) a half-mile of river rushing over the smooth granite at an inclination of thirty degrees, and broken at a dozen places by water-wheels, sometimes twenty-five feet high. I was all aglow with the day's experiences. This even wilder region should have been reserved along with Yosemite. Had it never been attempted? Muir remembered a bill of Senator Newton Booth's years before, but nothing had come of it. And so the discussion went on, the upshot being that Muir consented to prepare a map of the region desirable to be reserved—including the watershed of both the great gorges—and, subject to Mr. Gilder's confirmation of my suggestion, to write two articles for "The Century," one on "The Treasures of the Yosemite," to call attention to the general subject, and the other on "The Proposed Yosemite National Park" (he and I having proposed it); while I, on my part, was to present the matter to the Public Lands Committee of the House at Washington and to others, which in due time I did, prophesying in Muir's name, quoting from his articles, and showing photographs of the region. This was in the summer of 1890, and in October of that year—the year of the long session over the McKinley tariff—a bill for the reserve, drawn by Charles D. Poston on the lines laid down by Muir, became a law. Such was the origin of the Yosemite National Park, which then surrounded and now includes the old mismanaged Valley tract. It was our confident intention that the creation of this park should prove the rescue of the Yosemite from the bad system under which it was administered. From that day Muir led the fight for recession, enlisting in it the energy and influence of the Sierra Club, of which he is President, and which has been of extraordinary service in advancing the world's practical and scientific knowledge of California's supreme natural beauty. The victory is California's tribute of respect to John Muir.

In the mountains Muir's keenness and resourcefulness suggest an Indian's. Nothing escapes his eye, and yet he never seems to be hunting for anything. He does not walk so much as glide, with his soles near the ground, as he says the Indians do, for greater speed and ease. For him there is always a way out of every difficulty, and he has a quiet confidence in finding it. He is more than cheerful, he is gay, happy, intoxicated with nature. No obstacle but is lightened by his humorous way of looking at things. I remember that one day when I had grown deathly sick over the miscalculated skill of our amateur cook, Muir cheered me up with an anecdote of the Rev. Dr. John Hall, whom he had



JOHN MUIR

Drawn for The Outlook by Kate Rogers Nowell guided through the region. With a chuckling enjoyment of the remembered scene, he pictured the doctor sliding inevitably, feet foremost, down a steep granite slope into a large pot-hole, where he sat waist-deep in water, "looking for all the world," said Muir, "like a baby taking its bath." Those who remember the cherubic face of the good doctor will see the appositeness of this comparison, and those who remember his height would have enjoyed Muir's description of the figure cut by the minister when, after Muir had taken him at a panting pace to a half-way house, he was fitted out with clothes much too small for him—in which, under cover of the darkness, he slunk into the back door of the Stoneman House in the Valley.

I have never heard better stories than Muir's. Some of the funniest concern the Mormons, whom he fell in with while he was engaged in Utah on the Geodetic Survey. He has a good faculty of mimicry, and seems to remember every odd or picturesque character or incident in his life. But his underlying moods are serious, poetic, and, above all, sympathetic. His "Adventure with a Dog and a Glacier" is one of the best dog stories ever written, but the printed lines cannot even suggest the effectiveness of his dry recital of it. It is neither funny nor short, but people never tire of hearing it again, for he always adds some new graphic impression of the great Muir Glacier, or some additional insight into dog nature, as revealed in "Stickeen," his companion on that perilous trip. Once when we were visiting at Professor Sargent's in Brookline he was compelled to tell it three times in one day.

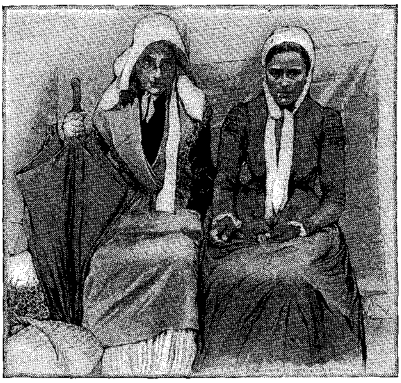
On the serious side, I remember many an instance of Muir's reverent and abiding pantheism. To him nature is one beautiful psalm in praise of the Creator. It was not in empty words, but with a Biblical conviction, that he spoke of the voice of God in stream and blast. He is too close an observer of design in all things to take any stock in the elimination of Conscious Will from the problem of the universe, and yet he has not a scintilla of dogma in his make-up. The world—his world—is so beautiful that he is perhaps at a loss to comprehend the abject miseries that are so frequently accepted as a divinely ordained necessity of modern life. His cure for every ill is to "go up a cañon," and perhaps he is right in the larger sense that the country is to be looked to as the only hope for the half-life, the stifling existence, of our crowded cities. Once, when some one spoke to him of the danger of getting lost in the high Sierra, he replied, with a bit of Scotch accent, in some such phrase as this: "Well, mon, what d' ye want? What better place could ye have to die than right here, in sight o' these glorious mountain peaks, with a glacier stream a-singin' to ye to the last and the north wind in those pines for your requiem!" If he could tolerate anything so uncheerful as a dirge, he would sympathize with this stanza of Dr. Parsons's lines on Winthrop:

"Take him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields 'neath the silver birches,
Where the whippoorwill doth mourn, where the oriole perches."

But it would be out of character in writing of John Muir to leave the reader with a sad suggestion. The veteran explorer and naturalist is still hale and has much work yet to do. Of his scientific services I am not competent to speak, but the appreciation of such men as Emerson, Guyot, Asa Gray, Torrey, Le Conte, Sir Joseph Hooker, Charles S. Sargent, and Henry Fairfield Osborn is not lightly bestowed, and these are among the many, living or dead, who have been attracted by his intimate report of nature, as well as by his delightful qualities of character. My whole energy has been exerted to get him to put into book form the rich store of observation and comparison which is now embedded in his note-books. Three more volumes, at least, he should be made to write at once—one on Glaciers, with his great namesake as the text, a second of his observations on the Jeannette relief expedition, and a third on the Yosemite, in supplement to his charming books on "The Mountains of California" and "Our National Parks."

A QUIET CORNER
THE ISLE OF OLÉRON

By
CHARLES WAGNER
Author of
"THE SIMPLE LIFE."



WITH DRAWINGS
by
CHARLES W. FURLONG

TRANSLATED BY ANNA KNIGHT

OLÉRON ranks second in point of size of the islands lying on the coast of France, but lacks much of the grandeur and picturesqueness characteristic of Corsica, which is the largest. Facing La Rochelle at the mouth of the Scudre River, and separated from the neighboring island of Ré by a channel two miles wide, Oléron itself is about nineteen miles long and eleven miles wide. The surface of the island is level except near the shore, where there are battlements of beautiful sand-dunes partly covered with a growth of pine. As the elevation is but slight above the level of the sea, a source of industry is found in the handling of sea-salt. Large tracts of land are covered with what might be called petrified ponds, composed of salt of a dazzling whiteness, and savory to a high degree. As a whole, the soil is fertile; the people raise wheat, maize, and potatoes, but the chief product of the island is wine. This is made from a kind of grape, produced in great abundance here, which is so notably lacking in alcoholic quality that one might almost say that water had been filtered through the vine to adulterate its juice.

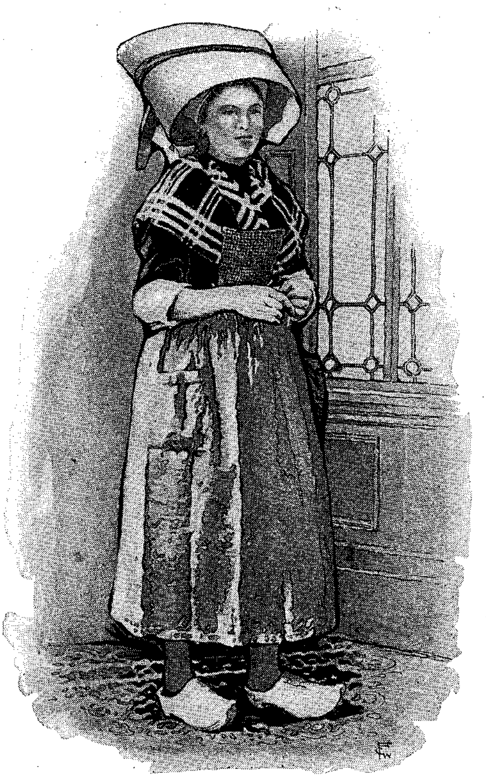
The towns of Oléron, naming those centrally located first, are St. Pierre and St. George; St. Trojan and Le Château are to the south; while to the north lies St. Denis, where the lighthouse of Chassiron sends its golden shafts of light far out to sea.

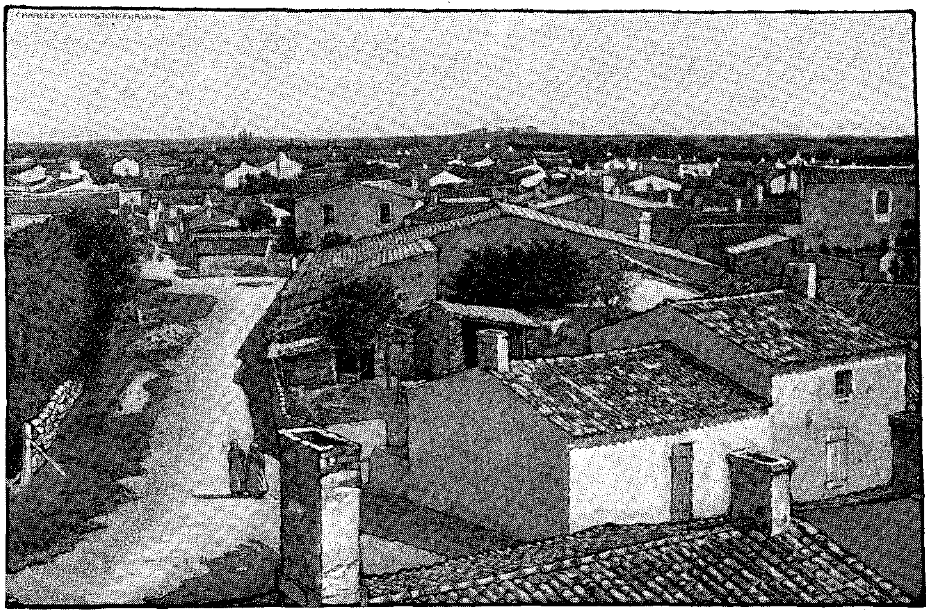
The people of Oléron are Catholics now; formerly they were largely Protestant, but under cruel and continued persecution that faith has gradually disappeared, until to-day only a few scattered representatives can be found. The Protestant pastor himself lives at St. Pierre, and he makes his home in the very house in which Pierre Loti was born.

The climate of Oléron is mild, the air soft and pure; and its beaches, almost without exception, are of fine, white, hard sand. In a word, it is above all things the very spot for those who love the simple life. That is why I felt myself so happy and contented there among its fishermen and its peasants. I have always liked the northern part of the island best; and of the northern part, the village of La Brée, which forms part of the Commune of St. George, is my favorite spot. Here one finds neither church nor curé, no city hall, no railroad station—in short, none of the things which go to make up an organized municipality. It is an ancient little village. Its well-built houses are set in smiling gardens surrounded by ancient walls. Its inhabitants are industrious, chary of speech, kind-hearted, and very calm in manner. They scarcely ever cross over to the mainland. They live a peaceful, primitive life; they are trustful but proud, and possess in a high degree the sentiments of independence and of dignity. If a stranger from the city comes among them with affected air and grandiose mien, they despise him—nay, more than that, they completely ignore him; but if a man is simple in manner and speech—a good fellow, so to speak—they adopt him, make him one of them at once, and shower on him all sorts of cordial attentions and courtesies.

When I arrived in Oléron in 1901, exhausted after a year's hard work and continual struggle with the things that weary the brain and dull the spirit, I was at once soothed and invigorated by its atmosphere of peace and good will. It was harvest time. I venture to say that in the days of Ruth and Boas people were not more simple nor their work more rustic than here in Oléron. Their machinery and preparations are most unpretentious. Every one gathers his own wheat and piles it upon a small wagon drawn by a horse, a cow, or a donkey, as the case may be. If there are any children from the city there at the time, and they express a desire to go to the fields, the peasants take them along and treat them as though they belonged to the family. When the wheat is ripe, it is threshed in the open air with small flails. This work, done in the free air and the bright sunshine, attracted me so much that I at once joined the ranks of the threshers. I was called simply "the Protestant Rabbi," and before long each and every one of them knew me personally. I could imagine nothing more delightful than to join in this open-air work and then to sit down with the workers and eat of their good home-made bread and drink the wine fresh from the cask. After it is threshed the wheat is winnowed by simply throwing it into the air with shovels; the wind carries off the chaff, while the wheat falls to the ground, where canvas cloth has been spread to receive it.

As a rule, the people of La Brée live in one large room—a kitchen it might be called, I suppose. For flooring they use a kind of cement made up of tiny pebbles and earth well beaten together; they have no wooden planks. An important part of each household is the immense chimney in front of which stands the family table, while the beds stand in different corners of the room. It was here in these kitchens, seated in front of a flaming fire, that I really came to know these simple folk. They are extremely temperate; it would be difficult to find even one drunkard on this island where wine is produced in such quantities. Their favorite food is the snail, shellfish, and ordinary fish from the sea. If one enters a home while the family are at table, it is the proper thing to sit down and eat with them; to refuse would be seriously to offend them. They are very fond of spinning yarns; many and curious are the tales of shipwreck told evenings at the fireside. The Strait of Pertuis de Maumusson, to the south of the island, is famous for its shipwrecks. They still relate a fantastic tale of a wreck


A PEASANT IN GALA DRESS



A VILLAGE OF OLÉRON

said to have occurred more than a century ago. A ship returning from America, loaded with gold, struck on the rocky shore and foundered. The passengers on board killed one another in their greedy attempt to possess themselves of the treasure stored away in the vessel, so that but a single person was found alive when the inhabitants reached the wreck the following day; but it is said that it took years of hard work to gather in all the gold which was found lodged in the crevices of the rocks.

The climate of Oléron is mild and salubrious. Fig and pomegranate trees flourish here simultaneously; the dunes are fragrant with the perfume of the immortelles, wild pinks, and thyme, while all around the pines diffuse their resinous sweetness. Simply to drink in this perfume-laden air on a sunshiny morning is an intoxication truly delicious.

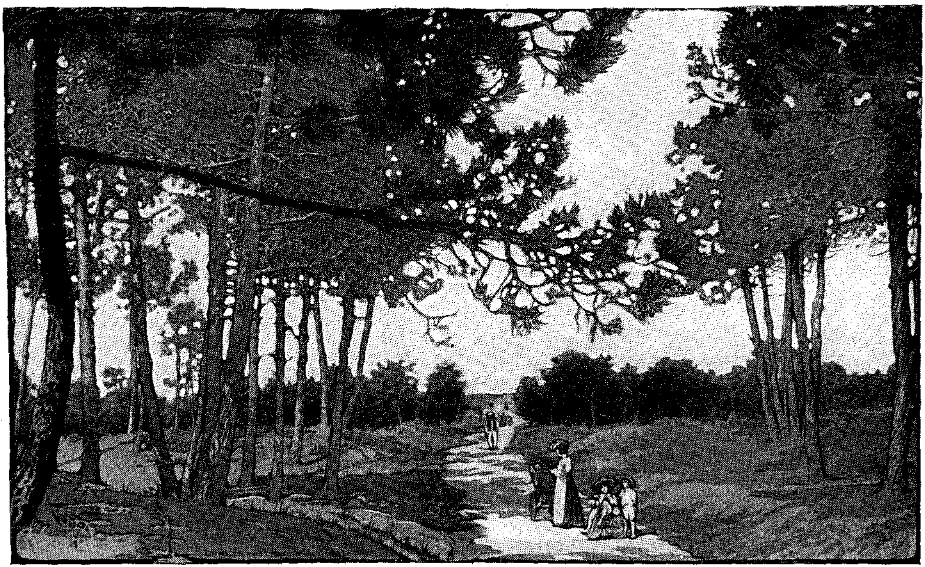
From the east coast of the island one faces France across a sea as calm and quiet as a lake; and at night one sees the lights of Rocheford, La Police, and La Rochelle flash out. The west coast, however, is almost continuously beaten upon by tempestuous waves. It is known as the Wild Coast; and it is in connection with this same Wild Coast that there will ever be associated in my memory a delightful little incident of romance, faith, and homely love.

A young couple who had been but recently united in marriage in Holland desired that I personally should bless their union. Therefore, after the civil ceremony had taken place, they traveled all the way to La Brée de Oléron to receive the benediction of the author of "The Simple Life." As the Protestant church was a considerable distance away, and as no one in the village knew these two young people, I suggested that we three should go over to the Wild Coast and that I should there bless their union. It was a beautiful August day. The larks sang in the morning sky; the sparkling sea flashed emerald and diamond lights; the dunes were fragrant with the delicate perfume of the wild flowers, and the waves made perpetual music at our feet.

I placed the young couple in a sort of natural niche and took my position in front of them, talking of the new hearth and home they were about to establish, and then asking them to join with me in invoking the Divine blessing. Oh, that beautiful morning; sparkling, spicy, wonderful, unforgettable! How simple and true and noble seemed all things, and how near was God! They have never forgotten, these two dear young friends, until then unknown to me, whom sympathy of soul had led so far to receive a benediction.

There are a good many old people in Oléron, and they are all so amiable. In fact, I have always loved light-haired and white-haired people. Every old man is "Grandfather" for me; and whenever I meet a benevolent old lady I ask her permission to call her "Grandmother." There is a great tendency toward living to a good old age in La Brée; the octogenarians are not rare. Sometimes, as I lay dozing on the beach in the sunshine, a number of these old people would gather around, saying simply, "Rabbi, you seem very comfortable here; we will join you." And then I would tell them stories—stories without end, such as I thought would appeal to their simple minds. It was in the midst of such a gathering on the beach, surrounded by perhaps a dozen old fisherman and sailors, that I one day received a letter from America stating that the great President Roosevelt had read my book and spoken of it in public at Bangor, Maine. The letter was written by one of the editors of The Outlook, a delicate and beautiful attention on their part which will always lead me to bear this paper in mind and heart with affectionate and grateful remembrance. This letter I read aloud to the old fishermen; there was talk in it of going to America and being received at the White House. But at that time such a thing seemed to be nothing but a beautiful dream. I knew not a word of English; but one of these old sea-wolves, bronzed and furrowed through long exposure to sea and air, spoke up, saying: "English, English! is it then not possible to learn this English tongue? Were I in your place, Rabbi, I should go home, get me a book, and learn this English speech." And he was right, this old man of the sea; quite right. I followed his advice, and how happy I am now that I did so! My trip to America, my cordial reception there, all the delightful experiences which opened up to me a new world—all this and more I owe to the fact that I learned to speak a little of the language of this people who received me among them like one of their own.

While at Oléron I lived with Madame Tia, the widow of an engineer; but the greater part of the time I passed on the beach. Here one finds shrimp, fish in great quantities, and, above all, a tiny mussel of truly delicious flavor. It is of a bluish-gray hue, with a white belly and an infinitesimal mouth. This fish does not eat; he sucks in his nourishment. A part of the alimentary canal of this mollusk makes delicious eating, in

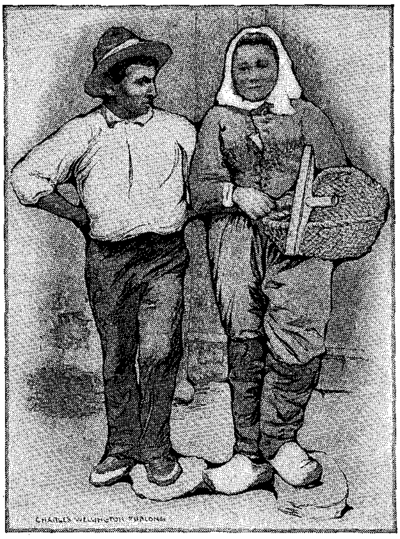


A PATH TO THE BEACH

this respect resembling the snipe, a similar part of which hunters are fond of eating under the name of "trail."

The inhabitants of La Brée are what might be called land-fishermen. They have no boats, but their ancestors, with admirable patience and skill, built solid walls, like dikes, which sometimes inclose more than two acres of space. When the tide rises, the sea invades these stony inclosures, called fisheries, and finally completely submerges them. The fish come in with the incoming tide; at its ebb the fisheries gradually empty themselves, and the walls reappear. Finally only a few pools, some large, some small, remain, and in these the fish are held prisoners. The tide changes twice in twenty-four hours, so that there are two favorable opportunities for catching fish—one by day and one by night. The better time is at night, for in the darkness the fish remain quiet. One arms himself, in one hand a big lantern and in the other a sharp weapon, a kind of sword. Directly you see a fish you give him a quick blow on the head and then spear him. This kind of fishing is captivating in the extreme, and brings into requisition a good deal of vigilance and skill. I used to accompany the peasants by day and by night. Often when the tide was not right for fishing until about midnight, the fishermen would lie down to sleep for an hour or two, while I charged myself with the responsibility of waking them at the right time. Then, in the early morning, with the crowing of the cock we would return, have some of the fresh fish broiled for us, and eat it with the greatest relish while discussing the incidents of the night.

At times, under cover of the darkness, we would venture out to sea to a considerable distance, and there in the quiet water we would use our skill to entrap the fish that swam at liberty.



FISHERS OF OLÉRON

Or, to vary the programme and in the hope of larger returns, six or eight of us would band together, and while the tide was slowly rising we would drag a net fifteen yards in length along the beach. This was hard work, and soon put a sharp edge to our appetites, so that one always got a good appetite, if nothing else, at this work. At other times, however, we were more fortunate, and returned home loaded with fish, happy and tired, and loudly cheered by the others.

I retain in truth the most happy recollections of this quiet corner of the world, to which, however, I myself elected a king, good republican as I am.

It happened this way. There was a certain peasant whom I often met evenings returning from his work. Picture to yourself a stockily built man, somewhat inclined to stoutness, with a placid face, riding comfortably astride his donkey, with a sack of wheat for a saddle. With one hand he held a basket filled with snow-white salt in front of him, while the other held a scythe swung over his shoulder. Seeing him thus always so contented, calm, majestic even, I saluted him, saying, "You are the King of La Brée; I offer you my allegiance." At this he laughed heartily, but ever after neither my children nor myself ever passed this dignified personage without greeting him as "The King."

Since it was from you, dear Outlook, whence came to me that day in Oléron the first greeting from America, I thought it might give you some pleasure to have me write for your readers this little sketch of an almost unknown island; a quiet little corner of the world where it is so easy to forget the noise, confusion, and distractions of a great city.

The Prince of Montenegro

By Hélène Vacaresco

Our readers will be interested to know that the author of this article, and of many poems, essays, and romantic legends, is a Maid of Honor to the Queen of Rumania ("Carmen Sylva"), and that one of her volumes, "Chants d'Aurore," has been crowned by the French Academy.—THE EDITORS.

THE Poet-Queen of Rumania is not the only sovereign in Europe who writes verse and leads an intellectual life. Less known than Carmen Sylva, Nicholas I., reigning Prince of Montenegro, may claim the attention of cultivated minds. Indeed, the great friendship by which his Royal Highness honors the writer of these lines has sprung from literary intercourse. The Prince is a real poet, and some of his dramas dealing with the incidents of Montenegrin history might at any time thrill an audience and win real success for their author. The Prince of Montenegro succeeded his uncle when he was still quite a youth, and broke up his studies in Paris rather abruptly to take possession of the throne left vacant by the decease of his uncle. From that day the Prince and his beautiful wife, Princess Milena, devoted themselves to the welfare of their subjects. Cettinjé, if one of the smallest among European capitals, is not one of the less picturesque. The shrill whistle of railway engines has not yet broken the peace and freshness that reign in its pure mountain air. Many traits of modern civilization remain unknown to the dauntless sons of the Tchernagora (Black Mountains), and in many features their customs and their character resemble those of the ancient Scotch clans. The Prince is far more the father of his subjects, the chieftain of his warriors, than their ruler. He wears the national garb, and on state occasions a tall white plume attached to his purple cap by a costly diamond jewel. He addresses his subjects by their Christian names, and every one of them calls him Father.

The scenery of the Black Mountains is splendid indeed, and leaves a lasting impression of grandeur and wild liberty to all those whose privilege it is to gaze on the huge rocks and the tiny dark-blue lakes that border the way leading to Cettinjé. Nor is the spell broken when one reaches the Prince's palace, though no detail of comfort is spared to make the traveler feel at his ease in the strange, weird land of battle, freedom, and song. The aspect of such chieftains as grace the sovereign's table, the handsome and noble countenance of Princess Milena, the pleasant and spirited anecdotes related by the Prince in fluent French and with an air of utter simplicity—everything combines to bestow a feeling of novelty and warmth. Prince Nicholas belongs to a very ancient dynasty indeed, and by his daughters' brilliant marriages he is now allied to almost all the great reigning houses in Europe. He was the best friend of the late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, and the present Czar shows him great affection and filial reverence. "Our mountains are rugged and bare," writes the Prince of Montenegro, "but our hearts are full of vigor and fire." The Prince always cuts a conspicuous figure in such Court ceremonies as he is prevailed upon to appear in, whether in Italy or in Russia. His tall form towers high above the crowd, and the brilliant colors of his costume, the great ease of his every movement, the glittering row of knives he wears in his belt, always make him the center of attention. Lately he stood sponsor to his grandson Umberto, Prince of Piedmont and heir to the Italian throne. Queen Helena of Italy, while still a young girl, spent her time at Cettinjé in helping her father not only to attend upon the wants and demands of the poor, but also in the pursuit of his literary labors. Together they collected or composed ballads whose ardor, patriotic feeling, and strange original beauty have rarely been surpassed if ever equaled. Another of the Prince's daughters is

A Madame Hélène de Vacaresco
le très sincère admirateur
Nicolas
Cettigné ce 2 Mai
1904
F. C. GORDON

married to a Russian Grand Duke, a third to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, a fourth to Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, while his eldest daughter, the Princess Zorka, who was the wife of the present King of Servia, died many years ago in giving birth to a son. Princess Milena is very clever and well versed in English and French literature. Her husband speaks four languages, and the Palace in Cettinjé is a place where books are always received and perused with joy. The Prince is, moreover, as brave as his subjects, and loves to hear or to tell the old feats accomplished by his ancestors or the great heroes of his heroic land. Two daughters of the gifted pair still remain unmarried; their grace, goodness, and beauty are already much spoken of, and they are excellent sportswomen. In fact, the reigning family of Montenegro is one in which virtue and intelligence are well cared for and tradition is not abandoned, though the Prince keeps in touch with every intellectual movement of the present day.

The Upland Meadow

By Charles Mulford Robinson

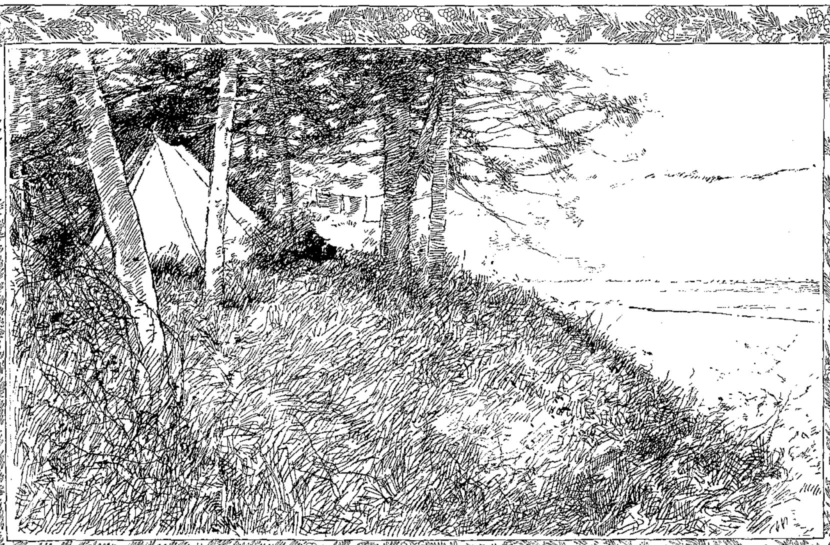
With canter, gallop, and head-toss we plunge through the sun-
bathed air—
The scent of grass in our nostrils, the wind at play in our hair.
The clouds are dancing before us, the shadows chase o'er the
plain,
Then on, and up to the corner, and back to the fence again!

With canter, gallop, and head-toss, in proof that the day is ours,
We kick up the dust behind us, we stop and pluck at the
flowers.
We look far down to the valley and sigh for folk who must
work—
Then on—a race to the corner, and back, with the stop a jerk!

Or, limbs grown tired in the gallop, we browse where the clover
grows;
We steep ourselves in its sweetness, in beauty take our repose.
The crack of whip and the sharp command—bridle, check, and
rein
Are far away. We are masters now. Ah, what is life to gain!

They can't know life who just labor, ne'er shaking the traces free
Nor reaching upland meadows, with broader vision to see
How cramped the shadowy valley where the roads are narrow,
while here
There's all the pasture to run in, where sun and the stars
are near.

Then on, and up to the corner, and back to the fence again!
The clouds are dancing before us, the shadows are in the plain!
With canter, gallop, and head-toss we plunge through the sun-
bathed air,
The scent of grass in the nostrils, behind us a kick for care!



ON A CONNECTICUT STILLWATER

By ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

Drawings by THOMAS FOGARTY

"JONATHAN, take me camping." My husband lowered his paper and stopped eating a green apple.

"Dorothea, dearest, you won't like it. You'll be devoured by mosquitoes, and it will rain, and—"

"The Herfords did it last summer and they liked it."

For answer my husband crooned from behind his paper:

"O! de ole hen flew ober in de gyarding,
An-n-n de li'l chicken thought he c'd do it easy 'nuff;
O! de ole hen flew ober in de gyarding,
An-n-n de li'l chicken thought he c'd do it easy 'nuff;
He-e-e run 'is head agin a fence,
I haven't seen de chicken sence—"

And he added, by way of explanation, "My dear, the Herfords have money, and they took a guide and a cook and went to the Adirondacks; and we can't do any of those things."

Now I knew that my husband wanted to go camping, and that he didn't really think we should be eaten up, nor yet drowned. My husband is at heart an optimist, though his tongue sometimes utters hard sayings. And so I said: "Jonathan, take me camping at once; you shall be guide and I will be cook." And it was settled my way—which was really his way, too. That is how all households should be managed.

We did not go to the Adirondacks, for we could not afford to spend money on railway fares and express charges; but in the very heart of highly settled Connecticut, meshed with railroads and worn out with farms, we found a bit of swift water and a few miles of literally pathless forest. We took such luggage as a tiny canoe could carry, and in the midst of civilization we found freedom and solitude. Where? That we don't tell; but others can do it too, if they care to use their eyes a little as they go about their native State. We town-folk grow to think of wild nature as something too remote to be reached without a pilgrimage. And so it is if we must have it in the bulk; but if we can enjoy little pieces of it, it is still almost at our doors, though it no longer tries to force an entry through them.

When it came to choosing what we should take, I bowed to Jonathan's opinions. He said, "Take two blankets and winter flannels for night use;" and I looked at the thermometer, remembered that a sheet had been a burden the night before—and got out the blankets and the flannels: in a very few things my husband is wiser than I—that is as it should be—and I had never camped out. Then we took sheets of rubber cloth, extra canvas, an ax, and five jackknives—I wondered why two weren't enough, but I packed them—our bathing suits, all the old shoes we owned, bath towels, soap, and (here alone did I assert myself with decision) a dish-towel and dish-cloth. We carried one complete change of clothing; our medicine was one pint of whisky for internal use, and a box of salve for external; our cooking utensils were, one frying-pan, one two-quart saucepan, one broiler, two tin pails, four agateware plates, two cups, two each of knives, forks, and spoons, two long forks, and one big spoon. I pined for a second kettle, and Jonathan wanted a spade, but we considered the size of the canoe and the rapids we had to run, and denied ourselves. Nor were we sorry; for what we had, with the tent and tent-poles, just about filled the little craft, with barely room for our fish-baskets and rods and our rifles—oh! and ourselves.

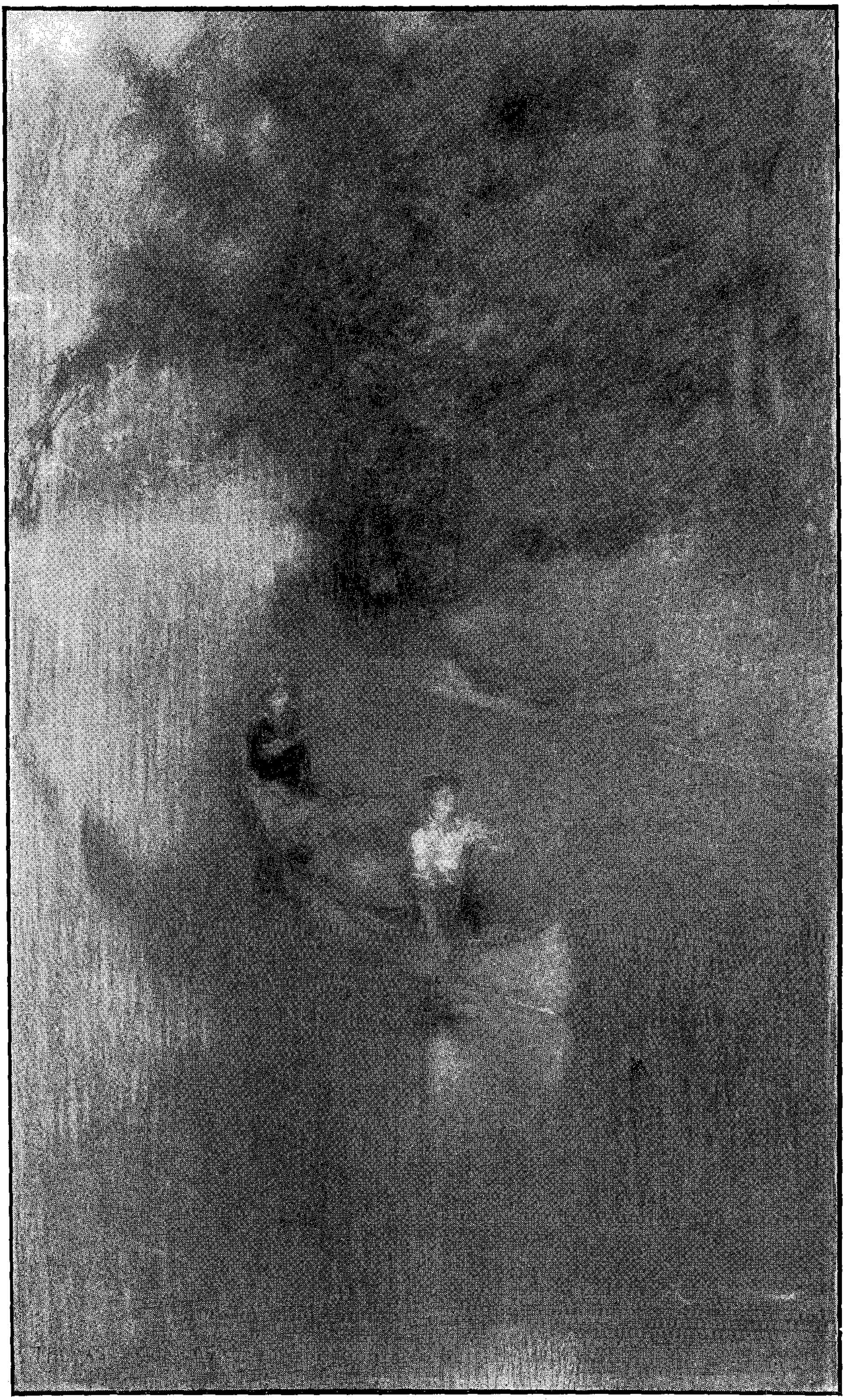
All our soft stuff we stowed in Jonathan's dunnage-bag, which he had when he was a humble sailor in the Spanish War. And just here let me confess: I am a woman, and I never really respected a dunnage-bag as it ought to be respected until it went camping with us. Jonathan had carefully explained to me its merits, but I jeered at it because of its inelegant figure. It is a cylindrical canvas bag, four feet high, with a round bottom and an open top which can be lashed shut with cord. It holds as much as a steamer trunk, you can't break it or tear it, you can stuff it any size and shape, and it adapts itself as the boa-constrictor does to the lamb he has just swallowed. In camp it was our bureau, our seat when the ground was wet, our back when it was dry, and always our pillow by night. There is one objection to its system: if you want to pack it snugly, you have to stand on your head inside it; but it was always Jonathan's head, so it didn't matter. And there is one more drawback: whatever you want to get out of the bag is always at the extreme bottom. But the same is the case with a trunk, or with anything else where things are stowed in more than one layer; and in camp I am not sure that it was not, on the whole, a good trait, because the contents of the bag got taken out and aired more frequently than they otherwise might have. Besides, the whole matter is annoying only when one is in a hurry, and in camp we never were in a hurry.

And so we started, wearing the least respectable clothes we dared to get away from our most respectable town in, and upheld by our knowledge that we had worse ones in the dunnage-bag, and that the very minutes were numbered during which we need wear high collars. We got to the river, loaded our canoe, Jonathan took the stern, and we glided up stream to the steady dip, dip, dip of the paddle and the light lap and run of the water against the bows.

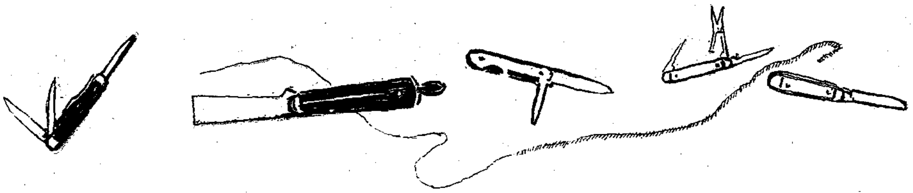
All day we fared up stream, through rapids and across stillwaters. Thunderheads arose and peered at us over the shoulders of the hills ahead, but where is the fun in drenching people if they think it's fun too? So the clouds slouched off to a summer resort that they knew of, and had no end of sport there, no doubt.

We left the town, we passed the last clustering houses, the river narrowed and its banks grew steep, so that the railroad sought easier ways back from its shores. We flung our stiff collars in the bottom of the canoe, which was improvident, for we needed them to go back with; but who could be provident when the going back was such a long way off—two weeks off? And we were free and alone, and the wind was cool and the sun was hot and the water was swift and clear and the world was all good—and what matter if those collars did get wet!

People left behind, we went ashore and donned bathing suits—for, going up some of those rapids, the canoe does not carry you, you carry it—and we paddled

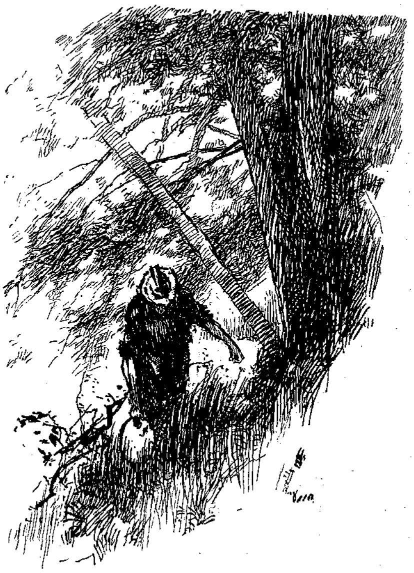


ALL DAY WE FARED UP STREAM, THROUGH RAPIDS AND ACROSS STILLWATERS



ABOUT THOSE JACKKNIVES—FIVE WERE NOT TOO MANY

and hauled by turns till we came to a tiny green island in the swift, smooth water between two rapids, and there we tied our canoe and climbed the bank to look about. The island was about the size and shape of a small ocean steamer with two decks, the lower being the little beach which ran all around, the upper being the level ground above the seven-foot bank. It was heavily wooded with huge hemlocks, and there was almost no underbrush. As we stood there, I looked at the view, bright glimpses of the sunny river on either side; but Jonathan looked at the ground, and was satisfied to find it sandy beneath its light carpeting of needles. So we hauled up the tent and poles, and set up our house, facing east, so that the storms, which in this valley all come from the north, should beat on its slanting side. On that side, too, we put up the extra strips of canvas, stretching them a few inches away from the tent canvas, as protection from the rain; for we had felt too poor to hire a double-walled tent. And there the tent was, set up as solidly as tugging ropes could make it. And, be it said, it actually did withstand the fury of the thunder-storm winds, so that we were not rolled up in the canvas of our own house nor strangled by our own tent ropes, as certain of our friends ruefully confessed to have been. There, as the sun went down, we made our hemlock bed, under the double-roofed section of the tent, and while we were hurriedly stowing the last of our luggage we felt the first big drops of the long-delayed rain. Where the roof was single, little showers of spray soon began to come through, as they will through a drenched umbrella, but under our double canvas all was dry, and we slept the more cozily for the pour outside. Perhaps I may as well confess just here that I was meekly glad of the blankets and the winter woolens; we wore them every night, and two nights were glad of sweaters besides, and this while the thermometers in surrounding cities were up between 97 and 100! I never before realized how much heat a town street and a real house, even a wooden one, can store up.

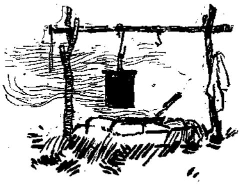


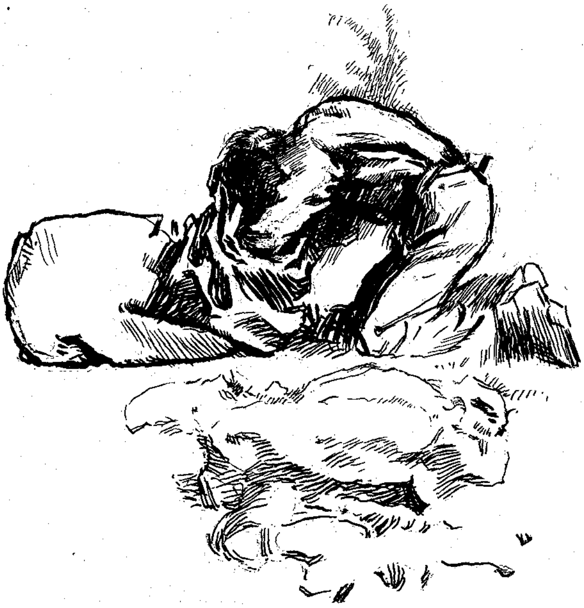
OUR CAMP WAS TOO FAR FROM DRINKING-WATER

Towards morning we were half wakened by that most prodigally beautiful of all nature's self-expression—the dawn-chorus. Have you ever heard it? In the first gray of the morning there comes a stir in the woods, an expectant tremor; then a bird peeps softly and is still; then another, and another, "softly conferring together." As the gray light grows warmer, comes a clearer note from some leader, then a full, complete song, and the woods are awake, fling out their wonderful song-greeting to the morning, growing more and more exuberant as the light clears and sharpens, and finally dying down as real day comes, bringing with it the day's work. On our island the leader of the chorus was almost always a song-sparrow—we found his nest down in the low bushes at the south end—though once or twice a wood-thrush came over from the shore woods, and filled the hemlock shadows with the limpid splendors of his song.

Hearing the chorus through our dreams, we slept again, and only waked when the sun was high, filtering through the hemlocks and flecking the eastern V of our tent with dazzling patches. Jonathan threw open the tent flaps and we stepped out on the cool, damp ground and looked out through the boughs at our first morning in the real world.

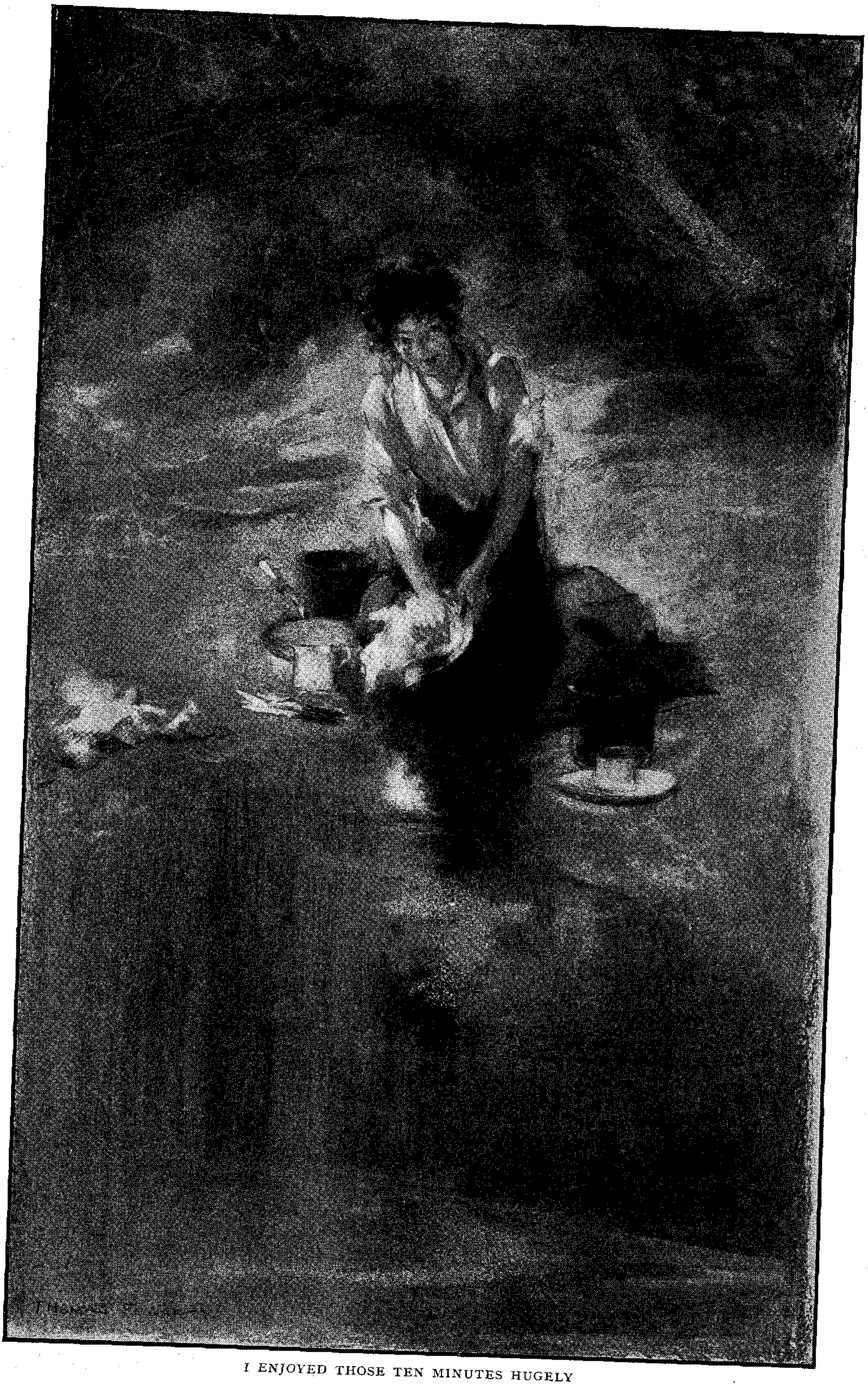
Of our two weeks of happiness what more can be told? Camp life is, I find, the hardest thing in the world to talk about. We never tired of it, it was to us brimful of good things, and when we came home we tried to tell our friends about it all; but fifteen minutes of eager talking left us with the disheartening sense that we had not in the least succeeded in getting at the real thing. They asked us what we ate, and we said, eggs and fish and oatmeal and berries; they asked me if dish-washing wasn't hard, and I said, no, not in the least, that I spent ten minutes over it after each meal, and enjoyed those ten minutes hugely. They asked what we fished for, and we told them, black bass. They asked what we slept on, and we said, hemlock boughs; whereat old Mrs. Hunt remarked that hemlock brings measuring-worms. But they could never know how those eggs and those berries tasted, eaten in the freshness of early morning, or in the quiet of noon, or at dusk when the sunset glow was just fading and the first fireflies were flashing under the hemlock shadows. How could they guess the pleasure there was in standing barefoot in the warm, swift water, flinging egg-shells out into the current, and using fine river sand for scouring? With the whole river for dish-pan, the drudgery of the kitchen sink is gone, and it was not, I warrant, in poetry alone that the royal little maid Nausicäa turned her big wash-day into a day's good fun. Of course Mrs. Hunt was right about her measuring-worms—and all wrong in her ideas; for what would I not give now to wake in the sharp freshness of early morning and be able to watch those zealous little green fools patiently humping their way along a seam of the canvas, or around the braid of my bathing suit, and rearing up now and then to feel waveringly about for the green twig they could never find!


ALL WAS READY FOR THE FIRE


IF YOU WANT TO PACK IT SNUGLY, YOU HAVE TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD INSIDE IT

Even if our friends could understand all this, they would only have made a beginning. For it was not the eggs, nor the bass, nor even the measuring-worms, that made life so good. I do not know quite what it was. But go into the woods yourself, spend hours, and get tired there, and then if you want to come home and lie on your lounge to rest, well and good; but if you can drop where you are, and wriggle yourself into comfort as a cat can, and feel relaxed and at ease, then you know already what cannot be told in words.

Now, though I can't explain why camping is quite so good as I know it to be,



I ENJOYED THOSE TEN MINUTES HUGELY

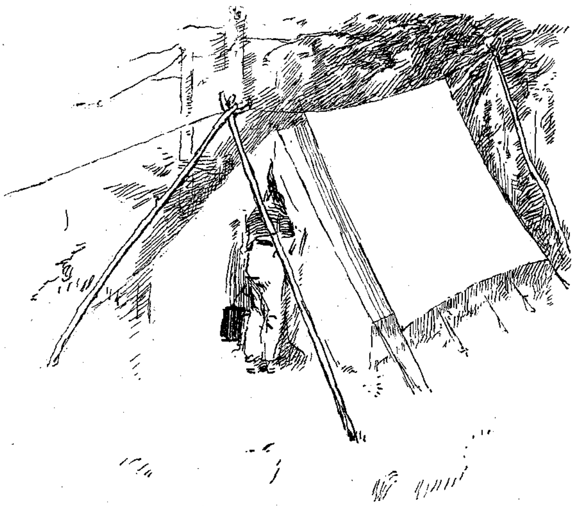
yet to those who are of my mind already—and there is no use in ever trying to talk to those who are not—a few things may be said that will make their next camping experience more comfortable. And if I seem to assume undue airs of wisdom, and unfitting a woman, pardon them; it is because I have not been wise long.

On that first morning, then, after we had had a plunge in the river, and finished the remains of yesterday's town-made luncheon, we began to set our island in order. There was the fireplace to be built and fire-wood to be collected; there was the bed to make, last night's creation being only temporary; there was the disposing, inside the tent and out, of all our belongings. So we went to work.

Jonathan got big stones from the river and set them up in a narrow oval, just wide enough to admit the saucepan, and filled in the cracks with earth and sand. The oval was open towards the west, for all our winds blew either downstream or upstream, though outside the valley they might be doing something quite different, and this west opening caught the air as it passed either way. In open country, where the fair summer winds range between west and south, a fireplace should, I suppose, open southwest. Then he cut a couple of forked sticks and set up the crane on them, bent a piece of iron wire to hold the kettle, and all was ready for the fire. And here the hemlocks served us. For there are always dead limbs, either fallen or still on the tree, and one of these will furnish all kinds of wood needed for the fire, except big logs. Take the finest twigs of all, no bigger than a hat-pin, and make a little bundle of them for the first layer; this takes the place of paper and chips. Then break up the next size twigs and lay them on; then the finger-thick branches, and finally those as big as your wrist. One thing it is well to remember—that your sticks ought usually all to lie parallel, not criss-cross, as with split kindling, for twigs and sticks used whole this way are always crooked enough so that they will not pack together and choke draft, and if they are not laid rather closely they make too open and light a fire—the flame flares up through one part and burns it out before others are kindled. When the fire is laid, touch your match to the undermost bunch of tiny twigs—they will blaze instantly, and if you have laid your fire aright you ought never to need a second match. Once, a few days later, when one of Jonathan's friends came up to visit us, I had a fire of this sort nicely laid, and went to the tent for a match. When I returned I found him on his knees before the fire, politely lighting it for me—having first tucked some bits of paper under it for kindling! Paper, indeed! But I thanked him.

The first few meals that I cooked did, indeed, give me some trouble: when I wanted to fry eggs, I had, perhaps, a huge blaze that I could no more get a frying-pan over than I could over some big New York dock fires I have seen; when I wanted to fry fish, which takes time, the fire either ran too low before they were done, or else licked over into the pan and set the fat blazing; when I wanted to boil chocolate and use the frying-pan at the same time, the pan cut off the heat from the kettle in a most irritating way; and at last I began to realize that my powers as a cook, of which I am a trifle vain, were going to be seriously discounted unless I found out how to manage that obstreperous little mass of blazing, crackling sticks. I began, as I always do when I am sensible and not too proud, by grumbling to Jonathan. This helps immeasurably; for when I meet a real difficulty and officially recognize it by grumbling, one of three things is sure to happen—either he helps me out, which makes him exultant and me respectful—that is good for both of us—or I am spurred to help myself out, which reverses things, though it does give him the chance to ask what I was grumbling about, anyway, since I knew just what to do; or else neither of us can help, and then we decide we don't care, and that makes us feel high-minded and also companionable.

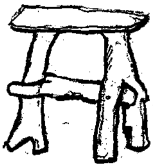
So I grumbled. And Jonathan left the log he was chopping, and said, "Now, what kind of a fire do you want, anyway? You just tell me how hot you want it, and how long you want it to last, and how many things you want to



THERE THE TENT WAS, SET UP AS SOLIDLY AS TUGGING ROPES COULD MAKE IT

put over it at once, and I'll manage the rest." That is what I call handsome, even in a husband. Occasionally I do see traits in Jonathan which might have given me a real reason for marrying him. Thereupon I gave my orders, and by watching him carry them out a few times I got much wisdom. When I wanted to fry a minute or two, he made an open blaze of light sticks, then stirred them down into embers that would last just about long enough to cook an egg; when I wanted a long fry, he used bigger wood, preferably damp, which, once kindled, will make embers of much staying power; and he always kept two good logs of hard wood lying along the two sides of the fire, inside the stones, to rest the frying-pan on. By combinations of damp and dry wood, hard wood and soft, and open or close ranking of the sticks, we could get about any sort of fire that was needed, while, by making enough embers to spread out well, there was room for two utensils to be set or hung over the heat. And so, after that, we had hot dishes, not only in courses, but also in pairs.

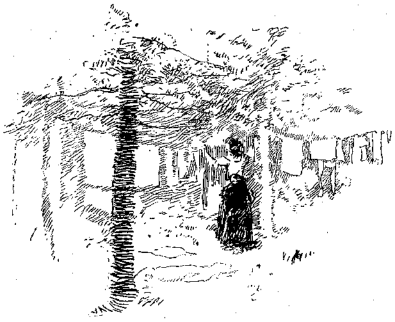
But to come back to our first morning—after the fireplace was done, and a little pile of kindling was stored away in a corner of the tent to provide against sudden showers, we turned to the improving of our bed, which would, I confess, have seemed a trifle hard the night before if we had not been too sound asleep to notice. Jonathan climbed a hemlock and chopped off branches till the ground beneath him was tossing with greenness. Then I began to help, but needed some instruction, for my only kindred experience had been in making balsam pillows for sleepless friends, where the rule is, the finer the twigs the better the pillow. But for a bed, which has to provide for itself springs as well as mattress, you cannot afford to lose the precious elasticity of the great swaying boughs by breaking them up. We kept ours three feet long, and when we had collected what seemed to me a pile fully twice as big as would go into the tent at all, Jonathan began to plant the bed—literally to plant it. He started near where the head was to be, and prodded the cut end of each bough down firmly into the earth, leaving the feathery ends inclined a little toward the head. When he reached the foot, our bed was represented by a dense mass of tossing green spray nearly three feet high. On this he threw smaller branches, for extra padding, though nothing less than a foot long, for the little twigs sift through at once and do no good. Finally, he spread a rubber sheet (rubber side down, of course) over the whole, and tucked its edges under the rebellious masses of fragrant boughs; then the blanket over this, and there was our bed. It needed airing and shaking up now and then, like all beds. We often found the under side of our rubber sheet soaking wet in the morning, and our hemlock boughs over-fragrant with the condensed moisture; but we hung up our sheet, turned up the tent flaps, and let the breeze blow under while we were off fishing—and the possibility of a thunder-storm drenching everything merely lent zest to the situation.



ONE USE FOR FORKED STICKS

And, by the way, always take plenty of rope with you camping. We took what seemed to me an unreasonable quantity, but we used it all—in stretching extra canvas, in strengthening the tent, and more especially in clothes-lines. As we canoed up the river I had noticed a few camps whose chief ornament seemed to be clothes-lines, and I wondered why there were quite so many. But I found that I could very easily fill all the lines Jonathan could put up, with towels, dish-cloths, bathing suits, blankets, woolen and rubber, and clothes of various degrees of dampness. And one more admission—about those jack-knives. Five were not too many. Two were used for cleaning fish, and for nothing else; one, a big navy knife, was used exclusively to slice the salt pork, and always hung by its lanyard, with the pork, on one end of the crane; one was kept to cut bread, chocolate, potatoes, and such inoffensive things; and the fifth, a small one, was kept in the tent and used for all sorts of delicate cutting.

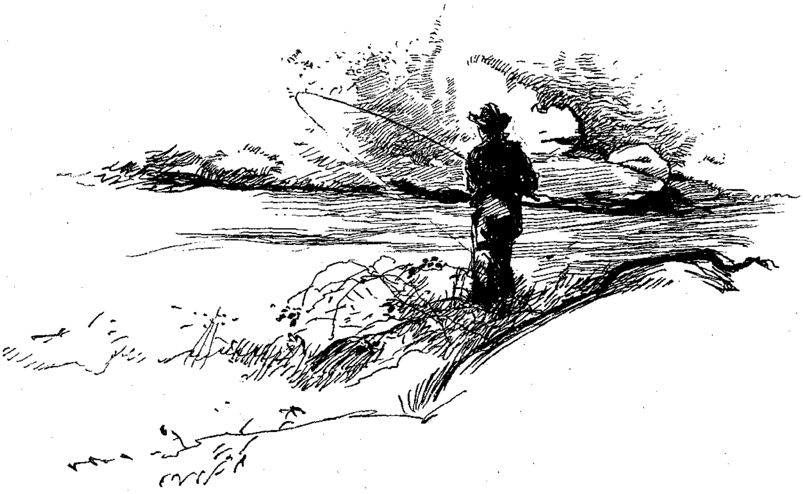
When all was in order, our little tent looked—to our eyes at least—very cozy and ship-shape. The right-hand half of the floor-space was occupied by the bed, with the dunnage-bag for pillow across its head, at the inner end of the tent. To the left of this, also at the inner end, was our gun-rack, hat-rack, everything-rack—two sticks with many forks, across two of which was set a cross-piece. Here the guns were leaned up, here our hats and caps were hung, and a bag or two holding all sorts of little things that would be easily lost.



I COULD VERY EASILY FILL ALL THE LINES JONATHAN COULD PUT UP

Ranged along beside the left wall of the tent were the tin pails and cooking utensils not in use, the canned food, a tin bread-box containing food that must be kept dry, our little pile of kindling, and a pile, about the same size, of shoes, both covered with a rubber cloth for additional protection. The space between these and the bed was left free for passage, and overhead, under the ridge-pole, was stretched a clothes-line, where clothing and towels were hung up at night. Really, there was a surprising amount of room, and under the ridge-pole we could stand upright without touching the canvas with our heads—a thing strictly forbidden in all rules of camp, since in a rain-storm the moisture will promptly come through wherever you touch.

Now, as to food. I am not considering a camp in the pathless forest, for that offers entirely different conditions,



WE FISHED FOR BASS

but one in a settled country, where, though you can always find solitude and wildness if you really know how to look, and don't ask for either good roads or a railroad at your front door, yet you can also find a farmer within a mile's radius, who can give you milk and eggs and a young rooster now and then, and will get you oatmeal from the nearest store, four or five miles away, when his hired man goes down on Saturday. That being the case, you would best take only a few stores with you—canned meats, chocolate, hardtack or equivalent, salt and sugar in tin boxes—and trust to luck for the rest. Moreover, it is a mistake to try to live on concentrated food, for it is not alone to the British soldier that Kipling's remark applies: "Erbsenwurst, tinned beef of surpassing tinniness, compressed vegetables, and meat biscuits may be nourishing; but what Thomas Atkins needs is bulk in his inside." You may overeat on canned meat and still feel starved, as we did until we got oatmeal and some other cereals, and potatoes.

It will be easily seen that hemlocks are the most desirable sort of neighbors for a camp. One could not have better, at least in these regions. The spruce and fir that grow farther north are said to make better beds. But the kind of soil that the hemlocks like is the sort the camper likes, too; they give him overhead shade, and, except for a dead limb hanging low, which he wants to break off for firewood anyway, they insure him against underbrush. They offer their huge trunks to build benches and tables between or against; their live boughs make his bed, their dead ones his fire; while their majestic and delicate beauty delights his soul. For no other tree but the pine has at once such massive power and such exquisite lightness of tracery; and any one who has not seen moonlight dreaming through the lace meshes of the hemlock boughs has not yet known all the loveliness of moonlight.

There was only one respect in which our camp was not what it should have been—it was too far from drinking-water. The river water was pure but warm, and it was fully five minutes' walk downstream to the tiny spring with whose icy water we filled our demijohn twice daily. If we had been going to stay longer, Jonathan would have borrowed the farmer's spade and dug out one of the little cold trickles which were to be found all along the main shore. It is easy to make a spring so, and will pay, for the cold water serves also as a refrigerator; but we, being lazy, were contented to forego butter and scald our milk.

One word more before I stop: I have acknowledged the uses of the dunnage-bag, I have done homage to the hemlock tree; let me also pay tribute to one other good friend of the camper—the forked stick. I think it is to the camper what the rubber snap and the clip are to the student. It seemed to me that whatever I wanted done the forked stick did it. It was a forked stick that supported the crane; the crane itself had forks at convenient intervals where the kettles were hung; inside the tent it made our hat-rack and gun-stand; when I wanted a stool, Jonathan made me a three-legged one, two of the legs being the forks of a carefully selected limb, while another forked stick formed the cross-brace between the legs. I cannot remember all the uses we found for this wonderful contrivance, but I came away from camp fully convinced that with enough forked sticks anything on earth could be constructed, from a stool to a man-of-war.

I think this is all. At least this is all there is any use in writing; for, as I have said, all the really important things about camping out can never be told. People who try the life will either grow impatient in it, and soon drift back to their proper home in a civilized world, there to enjoy such natural beauty—and this is much, thank fortune—as is compatible with white table linen and rugs and couch pillows; or they will find themselves really at home, really alive, they will go back to a so-called home only when they must, and always their hearts will be restless for the free life of the woods and rivers, and from their cozy easy chairs they will echo my plea, "Jonathan, take me camping."

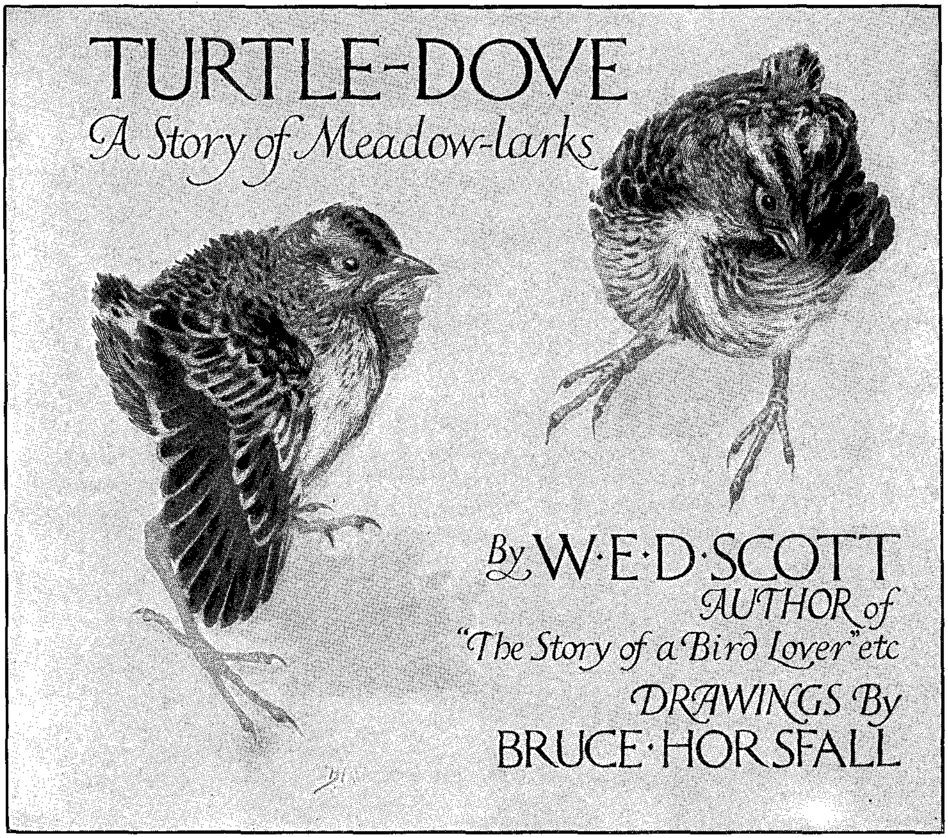
TURTLE-DOVE

A Story of Meadow-larks

By W·E·D·SCOTT

AUTHOR of "The Story of a Bird Lover" etc

DRAWINGS By BRUCE·HORSFALL



FROM my south windows I look out across a broad expanse to Strawberry Hill, on the edge of Stony Brook, and it is from this vantage that I can watch at pleasure the life of the fields. Of all the habitants, the meadow-lark more than any other has pre-empted the rights of the original settler, the worthy Friend John Horner, an early benefactor of the University. To be sure, at the high carnival of the year the meadow-lark's ownership is disputed by the rollicking bobolink, who shares with him the choice nesting-places in the waving grass.

Years ago the land was acquired by speculators in real estate who believed that the growth of the town would soon extend over the wide fields and meadows. It was accordingly surveyed, roads were laid out, trees were planted, and there the improvements stopped. The roadways can now be traced only by the small maples that mark their margins; no house nor mansion dots the expanse; the land lies fallow.

Two tiny brooks descend to the valley below, draining this broad area; along their banks grow a fringe of low bushes, chiefly elder, and an occasional stunted elm or maple lifts its head above the tangles. The entire slope is to the south, though here and there the undulations of the field break it in other directions. The whole tract has come to be a common. Just on the edge of town, it is not disturbed by pot-hunters, and its very nearness causes would-be naturalists to pass it by.

All the year round birds resort to these uplands in greater or less numbers. When the ground is covered with snow, the protruding weed-stalks furnish many tree-sparrows and goldfinches with their winter breakfast and dinner. Solitary shrikes sometimes watch the feathered gleaners from the summit of the dwarf trees. A sparrow-hawk lingers here even when the summer bounty of grasshoppers is long past. Once I met a fine goshawk when crossing the fields in December; and the snow has only to leave the ground a few days to bring several marsh-hawks in their search for mice. Crows haunt the place more or less throughout the year, and may be seen any day. But the field is not populous in winter, and seems, in a way, asleep; for none of the birds that gather are represented in numbers, and only the larger ones are conspicuous.

Late in February the grassy meadows begin to stretch and yawn as they awake; in the evenings I hear the faint notes of the first hylas, and the mornings find countless purple blackbirds strolling gravely over the brown stubble, no longer covered by its wintry winding-sheet. Then in a day or two are robins galore, and the carol of the bluebird echoes from many a tree and bush. During March the population rapidly increases, so that it is hardly possible to walk far without flushing field or chipping sparrows or grass finches. In a few days are added the grasshopper sparrow, and countless Savannah sparrows pausing here in their northward journey. Late in March many tree-swallows skim over the expanse, and are joined in the first weeks of April by barn and bank swallows, an occasional eave-swallow and purple martin. Throughout the awakening red-winged blackbirds may be seen near the little rivulets that cross the field, and small parties of cowbirds glean seeds from early March on.

As the spring develops orchard orioles become very plenty, and yellow-breasted chats may be reckoned on in one or two thickets. Catbirds mew and sing from every dingle; yellow warblers find congenial breeding-places in the elders, and hosts of their dainty kindred dally on their vernal pilgrimage through the month of May. I have sometimes thought it possible in this piece of grass-land to see most of the bird inhabitants of the region, as I take into account such feathered folk as pass me on the wing, for among them I must count not only several kinds of hawks and at least two of ducks, but bald eagles, turkey buzzards, great blue herons, and wild geese.

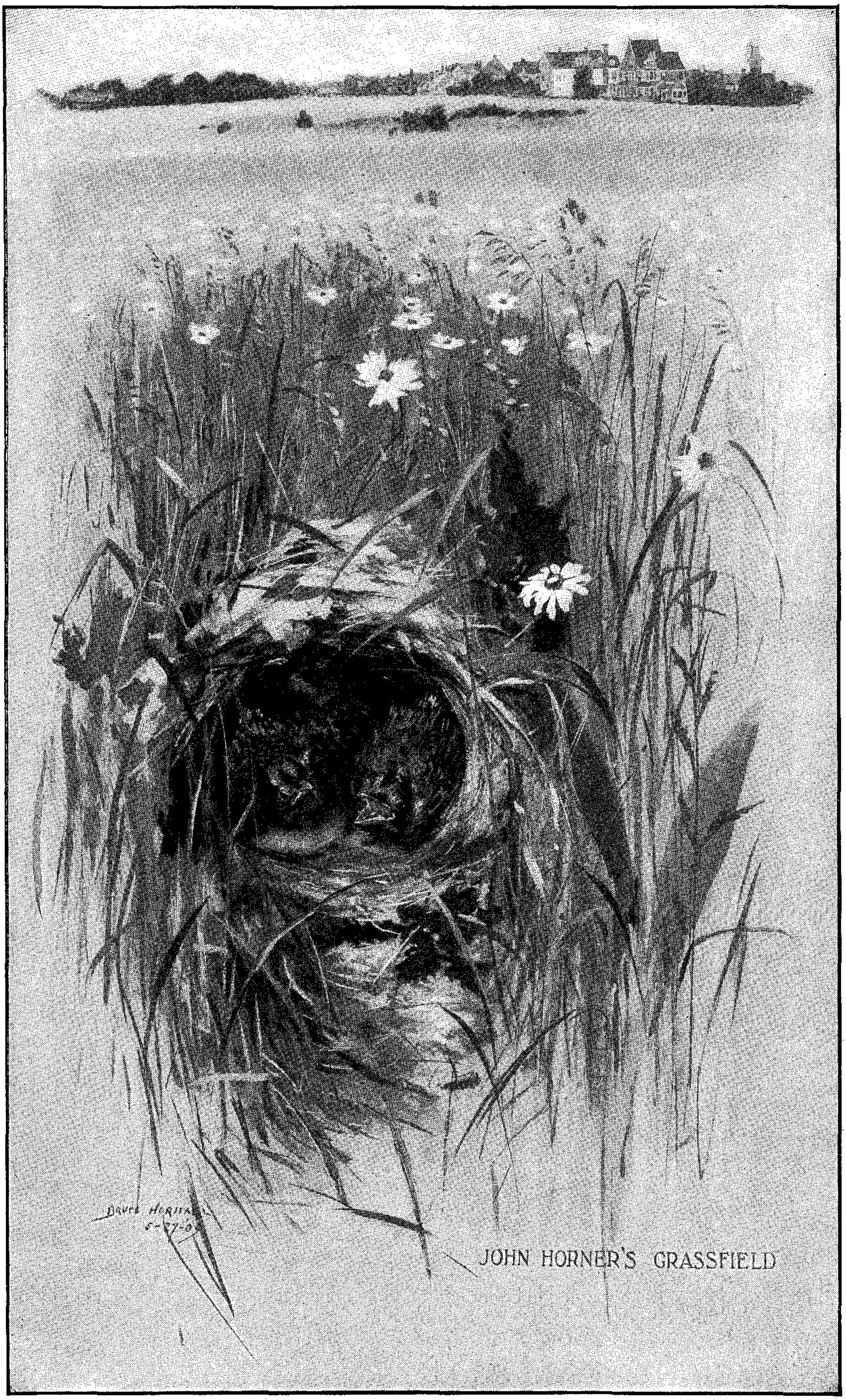
In May and June the symphony of song is at its flood. It must be heard and analyzed, this great orchestra, that the notes of each musician may be fully appreciated. Most of the songsters, following custom, add their charm only to the wealth of the prodigal summer. A few are more generous with their lays. The meadow-lark, on his plaintive piccolo, gladdens our ears with his sweet refrain for ten months of the year, and even in December and January his presence is told by a less melodious call, known only to the initiated.

Probably twenty pairs of meadow-larks breed in my grass field. Their homes are usually domed huts with a broad doorway for entrance. This is approached by a path, well defined, close to the nest, but gradually disappearing in the grass and clover. So admirably does the material of which the nests are built mingle with their surroundings that to find a meadow-lark's retreat is notable.

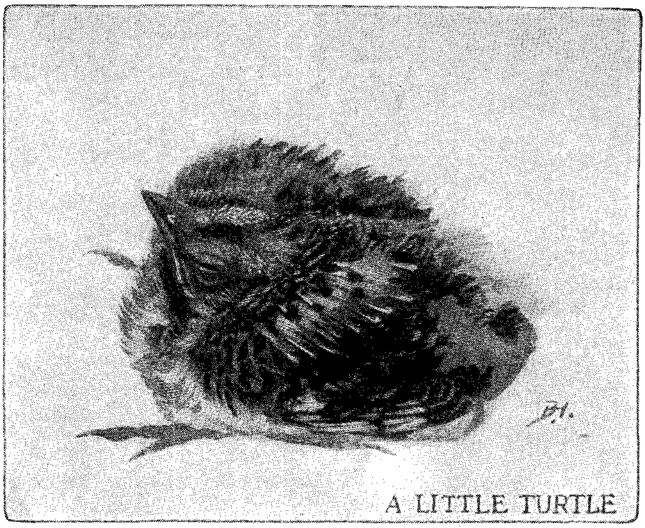
The first meadow-lark to join my bird family came to me in June, six years back. Lew Palmer, the famous "end" on our football team, a member as well of the University Bird Club, brought the little creature to me; he found it in a nest just back of the baseball cage.

The half-grown lark showed great signs of fear, and manifested alarm in a curious way, quite unlike anything I had seen in other birds. Squatting on the ground, with eyes closed, the head well drawn back so that the bend of the wings projected beyond the tip of the bill, the feathers of the body were erected and seemed to bristle. All likeness to a bird vanished; a defiant turtle looked me in the face. This peculiar form of mimicry, which I have since seen many times repeated, I call "playing turtle."

If a nest is taken of very young birds, only two or three days old, they appear to have no sense of fear; they feed readily and are never wild. After the first week of a bird's life there is a great change in its attitude to intruders, its alarm being sometimes betrayed after the manner of the meadow-lark, or by wild fluttering in attempts to escape. Hunger in the end usually conquers fear, but I have


BRUCE HORSFALL

JOHN HORNER'S GRASSFIELD



A LITTLE TURTLE

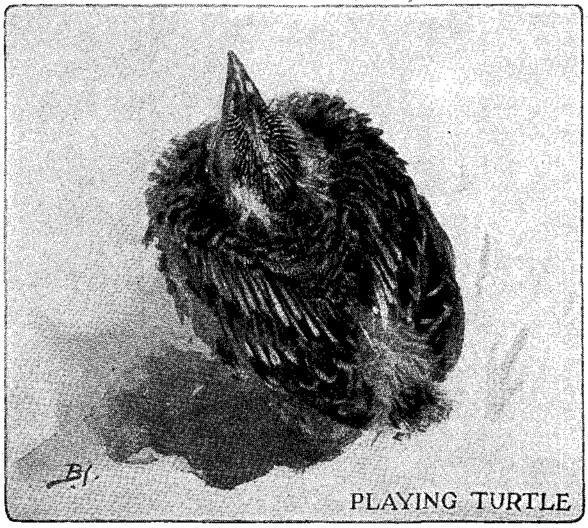
known young birds, about ready to leave the nest, so nervous and frightened as to be difficult if not impossible to raise.

Several hours passed before my timid meadow-lark could be induced to touch food. At last, when I forced the feeding-stick into the bird's mouth, the response was instantaneous. His worst "turtling" times were when I first went to him in the morning, as the night was long enough for him to forget his lesson of the day before. On the third or fourth day, however, the bird was thoroughly tame, and not only took food from the food-stick, but began to feed himself, and to walk about and examine his surroundings.

He grew and throve, and by the sixteenth of June was put in the bird-room with many youngsters reared during the season. Here his love of play was soon shown, and he shamed many a kitten by the drolleries of his frolics. To lie on his side and be covered with sand so that nothing but his head and bill protruded, then with a sudden jump to scatter sand in every direction, run a little way, lie down and wait to be buried again, was sport of which he never tired. "Turtle Dove" was his name, for reasons that were obvious to all who knew our gentle little friend.

The next June brought me a brood of four meadow-larks from a nest close to the house of a friend. His setter found it only a couple of hundred yards from the veranda. These four "Turtle Doves" were very young, and for the first three weeks all seemed to go well with them. They were now big birds, fully grown, but babies still in looks and manners. They ran about the room after me like so many chickens begging to be fed; and the penetrating s-k-e-e-k, the early cry of the meadow-lark, echoed everywhere. In a corner a bed of hay had been placed for them, and here they rested; but, not content to sit or lie on top of the hay, they burrowed in it and made beds for themselves, which, half domed over, were much like the home from which they had been taken.

When about four weeks old, one of them found difficulty in walking, and, to my dismay, during the day all four birds became unable to stand. The fragile bones were soft and pliant and the



PLAYING TURTLE

legs hopelessly disabled. For the next three weeks the birds were helpless on their hay bed, carefully fed and kept religiously clean. As time elapsed they were able to stand again, and shortly, after a little practice, could walk as well as ever, save that one of them always retained a slight stiffness.

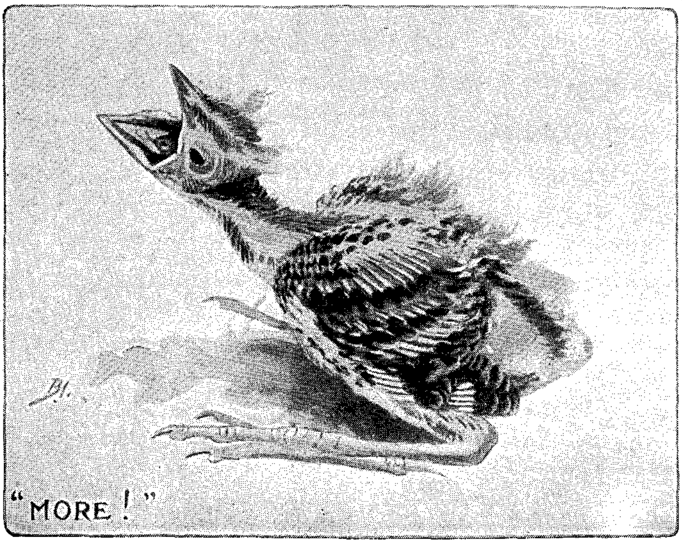
On their recovery, my four larks outrivaled my first "Turtle Dove," for, in addition to their games with human friends, they had endless sports and romps together. A ball of crumpled paper was a plaything that gave endless delight; one would secure it, lying on his side, grasp it with his feet, roll over on his back, and throw the ball in the air as does a juggler in like position. No sooner had the ball fallen than another lark would seize it, fly or run away, and not only go through the juggling act, but worry it much as a cat does a live mouse. Sometimes all four joined in pursuit of the escaping ball, running and tumbling over one another like so many kittens.

On my visits to the bird-room they treated me with scant courtesy; alighting on each shoulder, a "Turtle Dove" investigated, with his prying bill, my hair and beard, or the space between my collar and neck; finally, a sharp beak was thrust into either ear, and with a s-k-e-e-k that fairly pierced my brain, they gayly telephoned each other, chuckling over the helplessness of their big playmate.

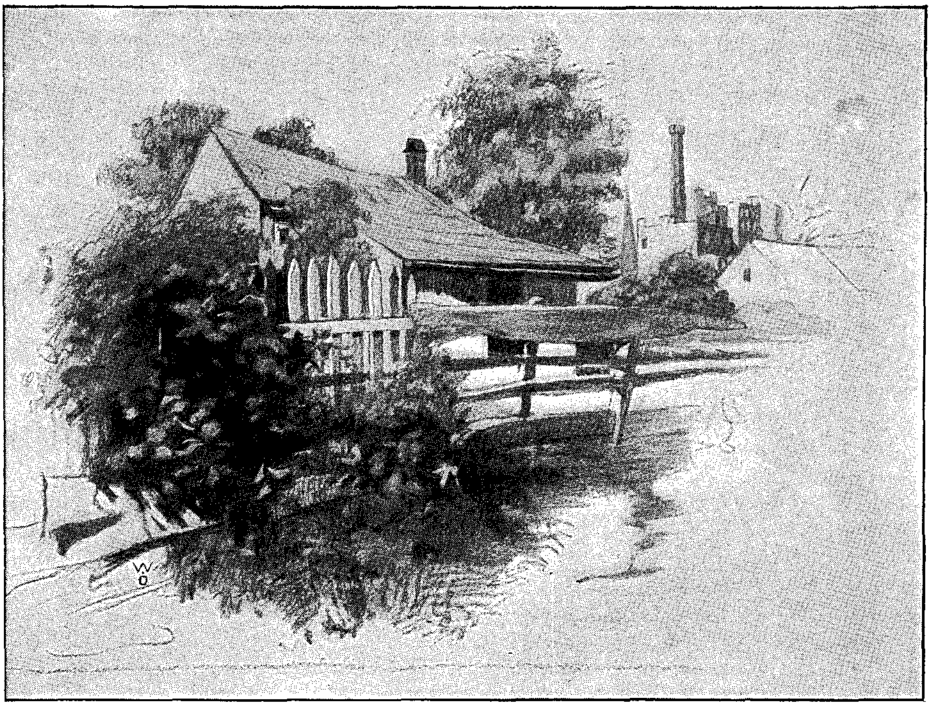
I saw all four an hour ago. They are, perhaps, more dignified and sedate, as becomes their age, but one lighted on my shoulder and explored my coat collar with no lack of eager interest. But my "Turtle Doves" are not as playful as they were. The youth of song-birds is short; most of the smaller forms may be said to have passed childhood when eight weeks old, and family duties and cares, which they take upon themselves before the first year of their life elapses, have a sobering effect.

It must be very gay in John Horner's grass-field during June and July, when all the young meadow-larks disport themselves; there are no crumpled paper balls, but pebbles and dried leaves are equally good toys, and he would be fortunate indeed who could see a family, or, better still, a number of families, engaged in the field sports which I feel sure are a feature of the young lives of these larks. I get a glimpse of it now and then, as three or four jump from the grass and gayly pursue one another with many zigzag turns and whirls and flights.

The very roadways that I find trodden down in the tangles indicate the passage of many feet, and when I realize that the lark never approaches his nest save from one side, that of the entrance, to which a well-beaten path leads, I am assured that the other lanes mean a constant gambol afoot, that quite equals the game on the wing.



"MORE!"



IT WELL MIGHT GRACE SOME SLOPING COUNTRY HILLSIDE

COUNTRY LIFE IN BROADWAY

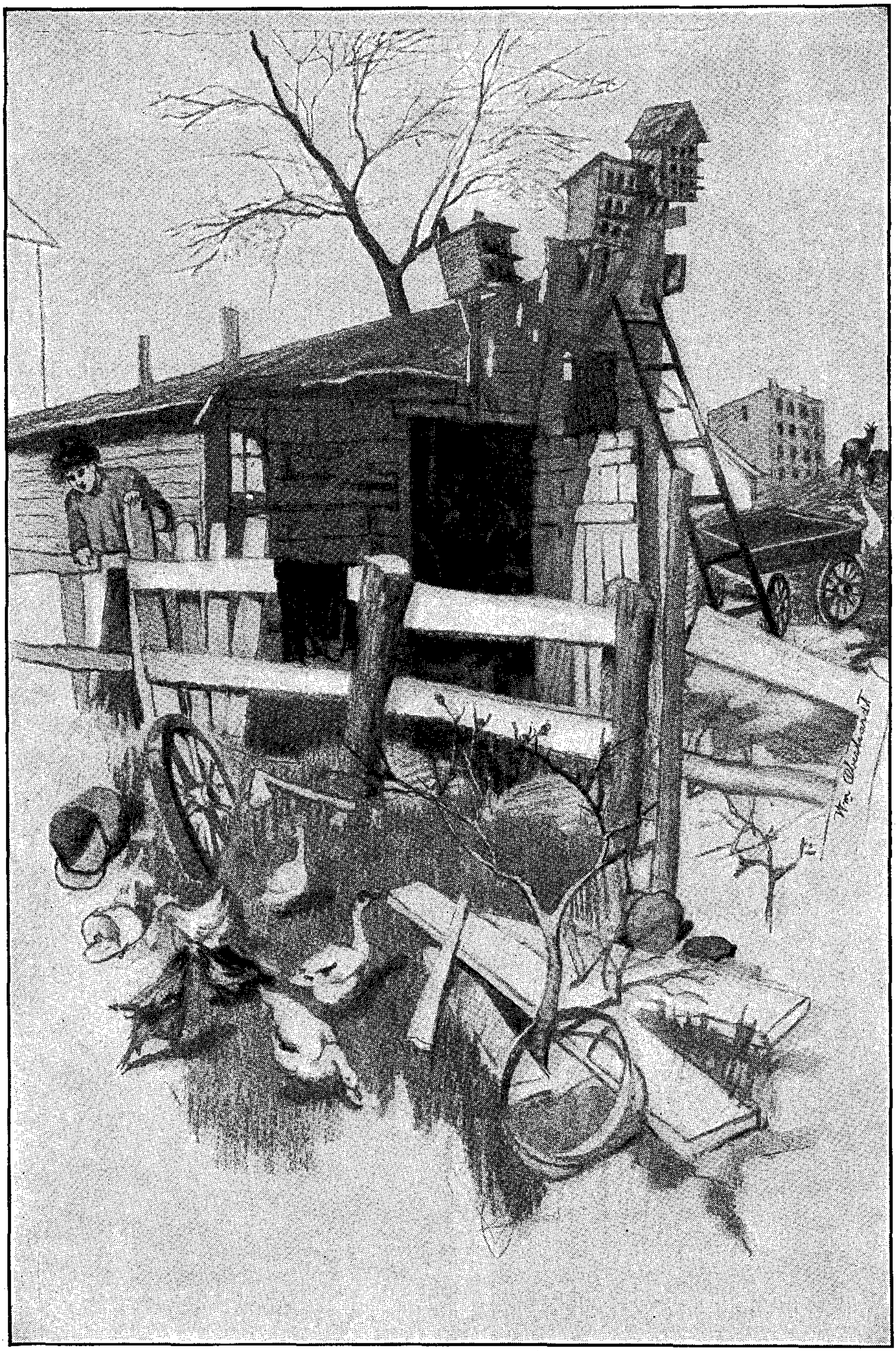
BY AUGUSTA KORTRECHT

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

THERE are many who might write volumes and suitably entitle them "Outings in August, or The Race after Rest;" but which one of us, even among those most wearily experienced, would have dreamed of seeking country life in Broadway? And yet that is what I came upon, quite without effort on my own part, as I made my way from a friend's afternoon tea in a sky-scraping palace toward the car for home.

Not that I embraced the opportunity. The season for the summer boarder's brief jaunt was drawing to a close, for one thing; but, indeed, had there been no other consideration, that sign, small in size but great in suggestiveness to an imaginative mind, which set forth in eccentric letters an invitation to beware of the dog, would have been sufficiently convincing that my find was for braver souls than I had ever boasted mine to be. Even the fact that in one place at least there hung, cheek by jowl with it, another rough board bearing welcome to the chance boarder, hardly allayed my nervous feeling, and I kept my distance for an astonished survey of the pleasant picture stretched before me.

They were charming, and they were most of all surprising. Right on Broadway—the new Subway cars making a special trip out into daylight to pass their doors—were some half a dozen scattered cottages; this one perched high above



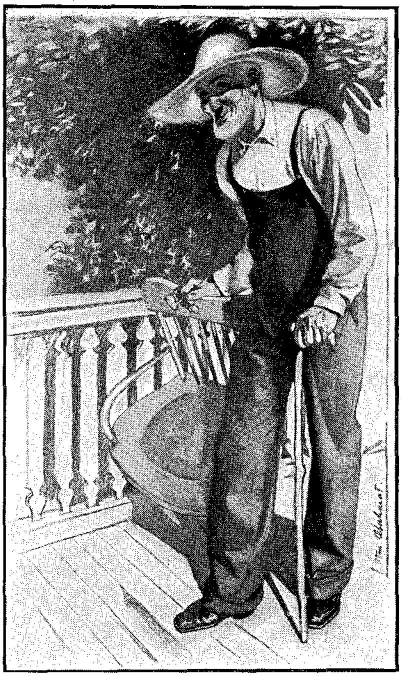
THE BROKEN FENCE AND THE MARTIN-BOXES

the street, and reached by quaint wooden steps, or a rock stairway more picturesque than permanent, I should say; while others lay below the city's level and nestled each one among its own network of vine-covered fence and cross partition.

No dark hall bedroom, sunless airshaft, or unfragrant sink for these wise and lucky householders.

The leaves over the gray palings were red, and the cabbages and beets in the garden-patches were rich with purple and a silver sheen which frosted them. It really was irresistible, and when I came to one without the forbidding sign I turned in to get a closer view.

In the great yard, which would have been vacant city common but for the homestead grown up on its surface, there were chickens, goats, a cow, and a horse in unabashed sight; while six or eight cottony heads ducking down into a weather-beaten piano-box at my approach seemed to indicate a really rural shyness among the youngsters of the plantation. The ice being once broken, however — never was better ice-pick invented than a few judiciously applied pennies—terms of good fellowship were soon established, and others of the natives came out to greet and also incidentally inspect the visitor.


I CAME UPON A FINE OLD PEASANT

"What is your business, if I may ask?" I ventured to a spruce-looking young fellow whose red suspenders showed gayly on the blue flannel of his shirt, and who had warned me against the barbed-wire fence trailing half hidden in the weeds and hungry for my best frock.

"I'm a cow-puncher, lady," he answered, "just over with a string of horses from Montana, and mighty peart to get back that way. Don't take a shine to all this city doin's, somehow;" and he waved his hand to include the broken fence, the martin-boxes, and the inquisitive beast just then approaching with the apparent intention of satisfying some troublous question arisen in the mind capricornum.

"But, bein' here in the one New York, I might as well make myself useful to tenderfoots like you." He smiled very gallantly and fell to picking the cockleburrs from about my skirt.

I stood before another place and thought how it might well grace some sloping country hillside, far from the city's din and noise, when it occurred to me that the house itself, as far as that went, was strangely quiet. Everything was open, therefore some one must be within; but there was no sound to indicate the presence of human beings. While I watched, a big motor-car whirled into the street and stopped at the curb beside me. Out jumped a man with a little leather bag, and as he ran into the house I said to myself, "The doctor. He comes on the wing of electricity and reaches my country farm in the twinkling of an eye." And I thought of the weary wait in the real heart of Nature when illness and pain have set their grip, with the doctor ten miles away.

The very people I met seemed a strange kind, for now I had turned off Broadway into a side street toward the Avenue. Three little girls stopped me—as dusky a trio as ever threw a shadow, and dressed in haphazard rags that might have been worn on some remote Southern cotton plantation.

"Say, lady"—the one who spoke looked about ten years old, and her head was spiked with wisps of woolly hair all wrapped with narrow strips of faded calico—"say, lady, gimme a dime fer de horsefiddle whar dey takes de po' sick babies."

When I did not respond to this appeal, they ran off, snickering aloud; and later I passed them again, having a tea party under a big tree near the sidewalk.

My next steps transported me from the Black Belt to the Old Country without change and in a breath, for seated before his cottage door, smoking his pipe with contentment in face and heart, I came upon a fine old peasant. He rose when I stood before him, and, leaning on his thick stick, bade me a pleasant good-day.

I praised his garden and the good air and sunshine of his little home, and he rejoined:

"A foine healthy place as you'll find in the country, ma'am; but it won't la-a-st; it can't la-a-st is the worst of ut."

And that indeed is the worst of it for those who have made their homes on the shifting sands of the swelling city. Five years' time—nay, will it be so long, perhaps?—and there will be no red-eyed bulldog to pull on his chain and thirst for the blood of the admiring guest; no yellowing squash nor purpling cabbage under the shadow of the Tomb; no goat, no martin-box; no cockle-burrs nor barbed-wire fence; no country life in Broadway.

A Strenuous Vacation

By the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines

THERE is such a thing as the holiday aspect of a task. And as I recall an experience of a year ago which plunged me into the interior of Mindanao, there comes to me a distinct flavor of vacation—strenuous vacation, if you will—that chimes in with those memories of boyhood when it was my wont to wander with rod or gun into the heart of untamed nature, simply because I had been conquered by the call of the wild. Part of the task with which for the moment I identified myself on the occasion of which I speak was grim enough. But for my present purpose there is no reason why I should mention it. The reflex effect of that expedition, as I can clearly see, now that I review it, was to clothe in virility my moral and mental as well as my physical being. In other words, its influence was that of a vacation. For three weeks I was pressed close to the bosom of unkempt tropical nature, rejoicing in her beauty, good-naturedly tolerant of her ungentle caresses, so that when it was all over, and I reluctantly broke away from her embrace, I felt that the world as God made it and I had come a step nearer to understanding one another.

It is a matter of no consequence how I reached Kabaksalan Island; and as I am not proposing to give a lesson in geography, it would be a waste of time to describe its exact whereabouts. It is a good long journey up the Rio Grande from Cottabato, and the nose of our launch had been rasped by sand-bars and enmeshed in the tough tangle of marsh reeds more than once before we arrived at our goal. Its main products, as I remember them, are steaming heat, mud, and centipedes. It is worthy of mention only as being the starting-point of our expedition, the first stretches of which lay through Lake Liguasan, which debouches into the Rio Grande at this point. What a valley that river rejoices in! On either side of its fertilizing stream miles of rich soil stretch away in untilled solitude. The agricultural possibilities are so great as to seem to be entreating the human hand to come and unfold them. Unfulfilled nature, be it in a man or a wilderness, always wears an appealing look on its face. Even a desert has ambition to rise; it aspires to blossom as a rose. Man is as a god to it, and it begs for the aid he alone can give that it may be fruitful in orderly fashion. "All creation groaneth and travaileth together, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." Only here and there has that rich country been cultivated, and then but for a moment by the unskilled hand of the restless Moros. Squalid hamlets peep out of the reeds occasionally as you wind your way up the river's tortuous course, and groups of filthy, half-naked savages eye you curiously from the bank.

Though the stream from the lake is rapid, and runs through not one but several channels, it is hard to discover where these lie, or indeed to believe that the lake is a lake at all, so covered with vegetation is its surface. What are called floating islands clothe its black, malodorous bosom. They are so compact that the Moros who were employed to cut a passage through at times could walk on them, though it was a surprise neither to the Moros nor ourselves when they fell through. The natives are so near to being web-footed that they seem quite at home in the water. The roots of these aquatic plants—the most abundant species looking like crisp heads of lettuce—are not anchored to the bottom of the lake (which at deepest is shallow). They seem to gather nourishment from an accumulation of soil formed from decomposed vegetation and the droppings of birds, which the fibrous tangle of living plants keeps from sinking. All that is necessary for cutting a channel is to detach with bolos masses of this growth from the main body and give it over to the current, which takes care of it.

It took a couple of days of cutting before our launch could get waterway for any distance, and the lake was by no means traversed when we set out in *vintas* (narrow dugouts). The sun was shining on us in his pitiless tropical fashion when we gripped our paddles. But what were those spacious lotus leaves made for, beautiful, with the drops of water shivering over their surface like liquid jewels, if not to protect our heads? They made capital hats, and beneath their shade we could look out comfortably over the vast swamp and its teeming life.

Birds, birds, everywhere! They streaked the sky with their long flight, disturbed the reeds, dotted the water. Cinnamon teal whistled by; gray pelicans with ponderous bills sailed off in solemn state; gay jacanas, with the gold of the sun in their neck feathers, darted to and fro on armored wings; rails and mud-hens complained hoarsely at our intrusion; the snakebird poked his curious head above the water and eyed us deliberately before withdrawing again beneath the surface or taking to flight; bittern and heron winged their way across our bow. The feathered world seemed gathered in conclave.

Night descended on us with that haste which in the tropics neglects to observe the ritual of twilight, and found us still far from solid land in spite of steady paddling. So we grouped our flotilla together in neighborly fashion and prepared to bivouac. We were in the heart of a lotus swamp. On every side the stately pink flowers stood sentinel above their capacious pads. We did not take it hardly that we would have to go supperless—I was going to say "to bed," but, on the whole, I think "to roost" would describe the situation more graphically. Elbow-room does not go begging in a vinta, and various boxes at different angles nudged different parts of my body every time I tried to gain sufficient equilibrium to court sleep. But sleep laughs down physical discomfort where any one is concerned short of Hans Andersen's princess who is tortured by a malicious pea several feet of eiderdown beneath her.

We had anticipated a plague of mosquitoes, but for some reason—are they lotus-eaters?—we were unmolested. As a boy, my most glowing romance was wrapped up with the tropics, but I think I saw the rose without the thorn, for which omission the "Swiss Family Robinson" was responsible. Tropical life has not disappointed me either in the quality or quantity of its romance, but somehow its glory grows dim in spots, as for instance when a man has crept deftly, as he thinks, under a mosquito-bar, only to find that the *Stegomyia fasciata*, seven kinds of *Anopheles*, and a sample or so from every variety of *Culex* has crept under at the same time in order to mock him as he searches for chance centipedes and scorpions in his blanket. I wish I could have bottled up in a phonograph some of the mosquito choruses I have heard in the Mindanao swamps under the protection of a net! The music is Wagnerian in volume, and would make a "record" interesting and novel even in New Jersey. But for this one night we were happily spared attack.

The early morning found us paddling with that earnestness to which empty stomachs move you when a good breakfast is calling you, perhaps just beyond that next bend. Among those who greeted us on our arrival at camp was a loyal Moro datto—whose name I shall not divulge. The datto is picturesque rather than handsome. He is of heavy build and has native dignity, but he wears a scar that is not without a suggestion of the ridiculous. An enemy one day smote him on the side of his head with a kampilan or a kris, and just missed taking a neat slice off, including his ear. Fortunately, the flap of flesh was not quite detached, and he clapped it on again without being too particular to make the edges match. Thus results that picturesqueness which characterizes him, for the ear has been divorced from its orifice, which peeps over the rim as though looking for something that had been lost. In order that it may not be missed by a short-sighted sound wave, a bit of bamboo is stuck in the hole to mark the aperture. Do not accuse me of making fun of the good man's misfortune. He is as proud as a student from Heidelberg to leave the situation just as it is. An offer to have the damage repaired would be disdainfully declined. He would feel that he had suffered loss of distinction if the ear which has wandered down his neck were to be brought home again.

Lake Buluan lies beyond Liguasan. It is a beautiful sheet of water backed by a mountain range, out of which towers Matutan, a curiously formed volcanic peak. The water is black from the vegetable deposit of centuries, but, unlike Liguasan, is free from surface growth. It is the home of numerous huge crocodiles, which lie log-like on the top of the lake on every side, but are shy of rifles.

When we finally abandoned our vintas and began our march on foot, we tasted some few discomforts. A number of our *cargadores* had decamped during the night, and we found it necessary to cut down our impedimenta. But you may as well be philosophical; it is comfortable to travel light in the tropics. The rain came down, not earnestly, but only enough to make us soggy before the noon sun burst on us as we snaked our way along the narrow, steaming trail shut in by the impenetrable cogon grass. That journey to Simpitan and back, upwards of forty miles, made in four half-day marches, was a test of endurance. The heat was intense, the trail muddy and slippery; occasionally a belt of woods would give us temporary relief. Then would come rivers to be forded, leaving us dripping on the farther bank. The worst stretch was through a reeking forest shadowed by that weird gloom which lurks in depths where the sun has never been a guest. Most of the time we were knee-deep in ooze. Rope-like roots caught at our feet, and as you lunged at the nearest tree to steady yourself, as likely as not your hand would be greeted by angry thorns with which many a trunk was armored.

But the expedition was far from being unmixed misery. It was worth while getting wholesomely tired and thirsty to enjoy the treat of a ten minutes' breathing-spell where the bejuco swung its festoons ready, under the swish of the bolo, to pour out a cupful of distilled water for every mouth. For the moment parched lips were a luxury. Have you ever stumbled across a cocoanut grove when your canteen has been drier than your lips for hours past? It is a trick soon learned, just where to strike the nut on its neck that its cool juice, rejoiced at being set free, may gurgle into your throat. From time to time the tropical wilderness spreads its delicacies before the adventurer as a pleasant surprise—bananas, papays, sugar-cane, funny little pink apples clinging to certain tree-trunks. Here great arums with leaves like elephant's ears and flowers of colossal size but gentle fragrance arrest the eye; while yonder are clover-colored immortelles in clustered groups. Towering trees, feathery palms, graceful vines, waving bamboos, are always pleasant companions. Then the smell of the wild! It is the perfume of freedom. A true sportsman knows what I mean when I say that it is a physical joy for a strong man to swing his body through difficult stretches of nature. It brings him to his blanket at night with calm sleep seated on his brow—such sleep! Sleep that introduces him at early dawn not to mere consciousness or to what has been satirically termed "4 A.M. courage," but to the joy of living, to a delicious contentment with life, to the keen desire for action.

I shall not linger over the spot where we faced about in our tracks. The grass had been trampled down fiercely as by men struggling for life; ugly stains, black and fetid, abandoned supplies, rags of what had once been uniforms, a plot of ground with fresh-formed mounds, told the story of a surprise, a battle, brave hands crossed over cold breasts. *Requiescat in pace!*

Sixty miles of cross-country travel lay between us and the foot of Mount Apo, at the head of Davao Bay, which was our objective point. We made it in the next five days, days full of healthy experience on an unbeaten and almost untraveled course. Bok-bok—I wish you knew Bok-bok—my cheery little Moro *muchacho*, had drooped a bit after the Simpitan march, but he spruced up enough to see me through my entire adventure. At its close, however, he had had his fill, and I doubt if love or money would entice him over the same route a second time. His close-fitting blue trousers visibly faded in substance and color from day to day until nothing but a pale rag about his loins remained. The rigors of the journey hopelessly marred his jaunty coat and neat jersey. His saucy fez took on a crestfallen air. Even his smile was disconsolate though perpetual. When we reached the coast, he looked like a bantam that had been out all night in the rain, and he rejected with a splutter of indignation my proposal that he should sit for a photograph. If you should ever meet him, no doubt he could tell you some flattering things about my own appearance, and, whatever he may say, I shall not deny it. All this indicates that our trip was not without its obstacles. At its close I felt like the small boy who at nightfall said to his mother, "I have torn my trousers, skinned my knees, barked my knuckles, and lost all my marbles, but I have had a boss time!"

Our course led us to the top of a divide about two thousand feet above sea-level and down the other side to the coast. There were no inherent difficulties, and incidental mishaps only gave spice to our adventure. A vicious vine, as tough as thong and with a cruel circlet of thorns on every few inches of its slender length, damaged clothing and flesh. If the heavens opened sluice-gates on us once or twice, it only brought the upper part of our bodies into harmony with the lower, as the one practicable path was up (or down) the river-bed. The most aggravating accident was when some of the party were attacked by bees. I would seriously recommend the commander-in-chief of the army to train bees to take the place of cavalry. If they could be taught to distinguish between friends and foes, many of the horrors of war would be eliminated.

Towering trees, exceeding in size any I have seen in the islands, were scattered at intervals through the forest. Some of them threw out at their base a series of thin but broad flying buttresses, nature's auxiliary architecture to relieve the roots from overstrain. Wood-pigeons cooed their soft welcome; parrakeets shot bright colors across the vision; hornbills retreated from tree to tree before our advance; while parrots wheeled through the gaunt arms of dead trees, looking like bird-ghosts against the background of a leaden sky. Though we saw no wild boars, the marks of their presence were frequent. On the far side of the divide we scrambled down as picturesque and unique a road as ever held my feet. The stream flowed from its source along a series of limestone shelves, not difficult to descend, as the rock seemed to grip our boots. The trees met overhead, and a bright sun sketched the magic lace-work of the branches on the gray stone beneath, while the stream shimmered and glistened, now shooting its silvery sheet silently along an even surface, only to break a moment later into a whispering burst of spray as it leaped into space.

The natives of this region, who for centuries have been preyed upon by the Moros, are extremely shy, and we caught only glimpses of them from time to time—Bilanes, and nearer the coast Calagans, Tagacolos, and Bagobos. We frequently passed near or through Bilan settlements, with their houses perched up on stilts, sometimes twenty feet from the ground. No doubt the natives were watching us, though we seldom saw them. We stumbled on one attractive little man, with his spouse, whom we surprised at work in a garden inclosure. In an alarmed way he warned us not to leap the fence—I am not sure that we contemplated it—solicitous, as we supposed, for the safety of his vegetables, though it quickly was revealed that it was for our personal safety he felt anxious. The inner side of the hedge was reinforced by a row of lance-like bamboos stuck in the ground with points upward to impale any ambitious boar that might clear the fence.

Our failure to see more of the pagan tribes was the one disappointment of our trip. It was not till we struck the coast, with Mount Apo reaching above us some eleven thousand feet skyward, that we found opportunity to hold much intercourse with our little brown brothers. At this point our strenuous vacation came to a close, and, however interesting it might be to speak of the Bagobos, that is another story.

A voice came sweeping half-way round the world the other day, bearing to me, as I hurried eastward, an implied invitation—"We are waiting for your return to go on another expedition." So am I.

The Indian Ocean, March 11, 1905.

The Twisted Tree

By Alice Brown

SYLVIA MEDWAY was sitting by the north window, gazing out into the back yard. She was young, and all a sweet pathos from her pallor and the hopeless look of her blue eyes. A comforter had been spread over the big rocking-chair where she sat, and she leaned back against it wearily, her hands in her lap. Her fair hair had been braided in two braids that hung on either side of her face, and her delicate chin looked sharp in its outline above her bare white throat.

"Sylvy," called her mother from the kitchen.

"What is it?" answered Sylvia. Her voice had a depth that had once been rich and wonderful; now it was only tired.

"Haven's goin'," continued her mother, urgently. "Don't you want I should knock for him to come in?"

"No," said Sylvia. It was indifference that dulled her voice anew. "He'll come if he's got anything to say."

Her mother bustled in from the kitchen and pulled out the table with a jerk. She put up its leaves, and spread the cloth like magic. Once Sylvia had excelled even her in flying dexterity. Now it seemed to her, as she looked on at it, nothing more than the beating of a fly against the pane. Mrs. Medway went on setting the table. She was a tall woman with a long nose, and smooth black hair parted and brought down in a glossy coat. Her cheeks were a wintry red, and she wore long gold pendants in her ears.

"There he's be'n to work over here every minute from 'leven o'clock on," she argued, "settin' out laylocks an' syringas. Where he got 'em I dunno; but if you wanted a slice o' the moon for breakfast he'd find it for ye."

"He sent to the nursery for 'em," said Sylvia, indifferently. "I didn't ask him to, mother. I ain't to blame."

"To blame! Who said you was to blame?" Mrs. Medway was still juggling with the dishes, and coming out triumphantly. "Only I say if a man's be'n off an' spent consid'able in bushes for ye, an' then took four-five hours to set 'em out, you might say you're obleeged to him."

"The tree hasn't started," said Sylvia, irrelevantly. Her musing gaze was upon one spot in the yard.

"What tree?" asked her mother, perversely.

"The twisted tree."

When it had become apparent in Sylvia's illness that her mind and eyes dwelt altogether upon the twisted tree in the back yard, the doctor had advised the family not to combat her. Up to this moment Mrs. Medway had understood the fiat and observed it. Now, without warning, she lost faith in it. There were spring sounds and smells out-of-doors, and all day long the blackbirds had been creaking about on the wing, like machinery badly oiled. Perhaps it was because the earth-life was stirring; but Mrs. Medway grew suddenly impatient of illness and the restraints that hedged its borders. She felt for the moment as if she could catch Sylvia up in her arms and run with her to some healing spring, or at least as if she might keep her from sitting there in that sad docility, staring at a twisted tree. She stopped before the girl, a preserve-dish in her hand.

"Sylvy," she said, "you make me as nervous as a witch. There you set by that north winder the whole 'durin' time. It's 'most sunset. You lemme move your chair into the kitchen, an' you look out towards the west."

Sylvia did not answer.

"Come, dear," her mother urged, with a rare tenderness. "You let mother take the chair."

Then the girl's eyes filled with tears.

"I can't, mother," she said. "I've got to set right here."

"You lemme put my arm round you, an' kinder carry you into the settin'-room, Sylvy You look once out o' that south winder, an' when you see them laylock bushes, an' all, an' think how good Haven's be'n to ye, an' kind an' thoughtful, I can't help feelin' you can git along without that twisted tree."

"No, mother," said Sylvia, gently. "You mustn't ask me."

Mrs. Medway lost the hope so suddenly attained.

"Well!" she remarked flatly, and went down cellar after the preserves.

Presently her husband came in—a soft-spoken man, with a long beard and mild eyes—and they ate their supper. Sylvia had hers on a little table by the window, and as she broke her biscuit delicately and without interest, she looked out, from time to time, and always at the twisted tree.

At dusk, when Mrs. Medway was in the kitchen washing the dishes, and her husband sat by the stove in his worn chair and talked to her, chiefly through unclassified monosyllables they both understood, Haven came in at the door, and, with a nod at them, took his way, as a matter of course, into the next room. Sylvia glanced up at him, and smiled briefly. He looked as if he had just scrubbed and shaved, and his day in the outer air had left him glowing with youth and comeliness. He was an earth creature, all brown of hair and skin, and with shy, kind eyes and a swift red in the cheeks. He walked softly, as large creatures are apt to do.

"You didn't look out to see the bushes, did you, Sylvy?" he asked, almost beseechingly.

She shook her head.

"You were real good to set 'em out," she told him, wanly.

At that moment her mother appeared from the kitchen, rolling down her sleeves.

"Father 'n' I are goin' to take a ride down the road an' find out about them seed potaters," she said. "Haven, you keep Sylvy company till we come back, won't ye?"

He nodded assuringly. Mrs. Medway turned back, as she was leaving the room. Her face had flushed from an excess of resolution. She spoke with a hard insistence proportioned to the doubt she felt.

"Haven, you've be'n workin' all day for Sylvy. To-morrer I want you should do suthin' for me."

"I'll be glad to, Mis' Medway," he answered, honestly.

"I want"— her eyes avoided Sylvia, and dwelt upon him with a frightened protest—"I want you should cut down that tree out in the back yard."

"Which one?"

"The twisted tree," said Mrs. Medway, and left the room.

Sylvia sat quite silent while her mother was moving about in the chamber overhead, putting on her bonnet and shawl. Then Mrs. Medway's steps came down the stairs, the door closed behind her, and the horse's hoofs clattered out of the barn and sounded spongily upon the drive. Sylvia looked up, and Haven was aware, in the gathering dusk, that tears were running down her face.

"Sylvy, don't," he cried. "Don't you take on. What is it, Sylvy?"

She began speaking wildly, as he had never heard her. It moved him beyond all possible expression, and he sat and gripped his hands and listened.

"They want to cut it down. They think it's bad for me. Maybe it'll be just as well. Twisted things like that better be cut down an' have an end of 'em."

It had all been a mystery to him for many months, why she looked at the tree and at nothing else with any willingness.

"How was it, Sylvy?" he asked, to begin speech about it. "What happened to't?"

"You know as well as I do," she cried, passionately, amid her sobs. "'Twas the time the old hen-house burned, an' much as ever we saved the house an' barn. 'Twas a nice round little tree—nothin' but a Bald'in; but father meant to have it grafted. 'Twas goin' to be a Hubbardston. That's what I picked out. Then the fire scorched it on one side, an' it ain't ever bore any since. You knew that, Haven."

"Well, yes," mused Haven. "I don't know but I did."

"It's like me," the girl burst out. "It's just like me. I'm scorched so't I sha'n't ever be the same again. Everybody else round here's well an' strong, all except the tree an' me. But you can cut it down, if you want to."

"No," responded Haven, "I don't know's I want to." He sat for a time in silence, and Sylvia dried her eyes. He had never seen her break into emotion in all these months of wasting illness, and it was terrible to him. Now that she had begun, it seemed easy to her to go on. She looked at him recklessly. A red of excitement had come into her cheeks, and her eyes burned hotly.

"You know what's the matter of me, Haven?" she asked.

He answered slowly:

"No, I don't know's I do."

"Yes, you do. You know, Haven Terrill. I don't know whether mother does or not—or father. I'm goin' to tell you, anyways. I thought I was goin' to be married, Haven. Then—he got tired of me." Her head had sunk until her chin was on her breast.

He could not answer.

"I won't tell you his name," she faltered.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't."

"That's why"—her voice fell lower and lower, in little gasps born agonizingly—"that's why I am sick, an' why I can't eat nor sleep. They think I've gone into a decline. I—I kissed him, Haven, an' he didn't care, after all. I'm all twisted like that tree. I'm all burnt an' scorched, an' there's the end of it." She rocked back and forth in her chair, and involuntarily he put out his hands to draw her toward him.

"Well," he said at last, "we'll see what we can do about the tree."

It was a wild relief now to unburden herself.

"I can't tell you anything about how I feel. It ain't that I want him back. It's somethin' else. I want to be as I was before I ever see him. An' I can't! I can't! I can't!"

"Well," said Haven, musingly. He sat looking straight before him, his hands on his knees. He was thinking. "You don't feel's if you could give up settin' by this winder, do ye?" he hinted.

She shook her head.

"To please your mother, mebbe?"

"Where can I go?" she burst out, wildly. "If I sit in the kitchen I shall see his house, an' if I sit in the front room I shall see him go by. This is the only place I've got, Haven. It's the only place I'm safe."

"Mebbe you could have your chair moved up to that south winder in the sittin'-room?" he pursued. "You could see the laylocks then when they bud out. You try it, Sylvy. Your mother'd be proper glad."

Her passion had deserted her as quickly as it came. She looked dispirited.

"Maybe I will," she said. "Seems as if 'twould kill me; but mother's gettin' all wore out seein' me sit here. Maybe I will."

"I kinder want you to see the laylocks," he soothed her. "There's a clump o' three, an' then one syringa by itself. I like a great syringa all alone, full o' bloom, an' bees hummin' over it. Sylvy," his voice deepened as it dropped, "I've set out much as a dozen over to the old place."

"Have you?" she asked, indifferently.

"All them old-fashioned kinds you set by, an' thirty fruit trees in the back lot. Mother walked over there with me, t'other arternoon. 'Haven,' says she, 'what are you goin' in so steep for?' 'I dunno, mother,' says I; 'mebbe along towards fall I may build.'"

Sylvia at that moment began to look a little more like a human thing and less like a wraith born to blight and pain. A delicate flush had crept into her cheeks, and she clasped her hands in her lap and then loosed them willfully, as if their tension betrayed something that must not be known.

Haven spoke again, and with a deeper shyness. His voice thrilled passionately.

"'Sylvy sets the world by laylocks an' syringas,' I says to mother. 'Yes,' says she, 'I know she does.'"

Sylvia had closed her eyes, and the rose in her cheeks had faded.

"I'm pretty tired," she said, at length. "Maybe I'll go to bed. You don't care, do you?"

"No, I'll set here till they come home. Hark!"

She was standing in a drooping grace, one hand upon the window-ledge. Her eyes interrogated him.

"Hark!" he said again. "Hear the frogs. Some folks think it's mournful. It's the best kind o' music to me. It's the beginnin' o' the year."

The continuous rhythm of spring was thrilling in through the closed window, the sound of little instruments all attuned to expectation and desire. Suddenly Sylvia bent her head upon her hands and began sobbing, while her body shook. Haven had risen, and he stood by her in a piteous distress, saying at intervals:

"Don't take on, Sylvy. Don't take on."

A wave of her new outspokenness had overtaken her, and flung her toward him in intemperate confidence.

"It was the spring o' the year then," she whispered. "Everything comes in the spring o' the year, trouble an' all. I heard Lame Lois say that once—she that was crazed—an' we used to run over from school an' look at her where she sat with her feet in the ashes. All the sounds are awful to me, Haven, one as bad as another. Last week I thought the frogs were the worst, but now it's the robins. They'll be the worst, too. I suppose I'm crazed, Haven, just like Lame Lois. She was love-cracked. So am I. An' I'm worse, for she wanted to hide herself away, an', now I've begun to talk to you, I see I ain't got any shame." She lifted her head now and looked at him, a wild-eyed creature with sodden cheeks and a quivering mouth. His eyes also were wet, but he stretched out his hand and laid it on her chair.

"I'm goin' to take this into t'other room," he said, "an' set it by the south winder. Then when you come down in the mornin' you can slip into 't, and not have no talk about it."

"No, no," she besought him, "I don't believe I can."

But he had lifted the chair, and was carrying it over the sill.

"There!" he called to her from the next room; "when you git up in the mornin', you run right down the front stairs, an' se' down here, an' cast your eyes over the laylocks an' that nice syringa."

Sylvia caught her breath in dying sobs, but when he came back, talking about plants and the kindliness of a south exposure, and wondering when her father and mother would be home, she was ashamed of her emotion, and bade him a shy good-night and went upstairs. Haven stood listening until her hesitating step had reached the upper floor;

then he sat down by the window and looked through the dusk at the twisted tree. By and by the wagon drove into the yard, and Mrs. Medway, leaving her husband to unharness, came in, all redoubled cheer and freshness, from the damp spring air.

"Where's Sylvy?" she inquired, throwing off her shawl.

Haven had risen.

"She's gone to bed," he answered. "I guess she was pretty tired. See here, Mis' Medway, don't you speak to her no more about that twisted tree, nor don't you let nobody else. It ain't best."

Mrs. Medway was folding up her shawl.

"Well," she answered, frowning over the pin in her mouth, "so doctor said. I dunno's 'twas exactly right to bring it in, but my tongue got ahead o' me. For mercy sake! where's Sylvy's chair?"

"It's in t'other room. I carried it in by the south winder. To-morrer she's goin' to try to set there. An' don't you speak o' that neither."

He towered there, still and tall, the man in authority, and Mrs. Medway looked up at him in a puzzled acquiescence.

"Well!" she remarked, from the depths of her perplexity; but when he had said good-night and shut the outer door behind him, she sped after him a step. "Haven," she called, "you're real good."

The next morning Sylvia came downstairs earlier than usual. Her mother heard her light, indecisive step in the sitting-room, and presently bustled in with a breakfast tray. Sylvia sat by the south window, but she was not looking out. Her head was bent so that her eyes rested on the clasped hands in her lap, and there were tears upon her cheeks. Her mother did remorseful, tender things about her, and then, as the girl did not eat, hesitated there beside her.

"You want to go back, Sylvy?" she asked, compassionately. "You want to set by the north winder? Mother 'll move your chair for you."

Sylvia shook her head, and by and by she ate a little bread and milk, and after that closed her eyes and seemed to withdraw into some solitude of her own. Haven went past the window and smiled at her. She had waked at the sound of his step, and she returned his smile wanly. But he did not come in.

"Mother," she called presently, "is Haven out there in the yard?"

"I guess so."

"Don't you see him?"

"Why, yes, Sylvy, I s'pose I see him."

"What's he doin'?"

"Well"—her mother hesitated. Then she added in some confusion, "I guess he's goin' to do suthin' to that old tree in the yard."

Sylvia bowed her head as if a wind had struck her. It was impossible to think Haven could cut down the twisted tree. But if it must happen, at least she need not hear the blows. She put her hands to her ears; and when she took them away, her mother was standing by her, looking compassionate, and Haven had gone home. She asked no more questions, but she crouched all day by the south window and ached over her lost tree.

The south window was a large one, built for the plants in winter; and as Sylvia sat there, day by day, the sun poured on her in a flood. It made her feel as if the world were very large, with no cool corners in it. One morning, because Haven asked her, in his slow, kind fashion, she did look at the budding lilac-bushes; and that was the very moment that her mother called from the kitchen:

"Sylvy, you glance out an' see Lorin' Pratt. Who's that he's got with him?"

Sylvia started back, and gasped with the surprise of it. The color rushed into her face, as if a hand had smitten her. The window was wide open, and a warm breeze was coming in. She heard the quick beat of the horse's hoofs on the road, but she could not look. Haven's voice, with that note of calm in it, came from the other side of the window, where he stood on the springing grass.

"It's nobody but old Aunt Nancy. She's goin' to stay a spell."

Sylvy felt the generous kindliness of his tone. It was as if he begged her to be comforted, remembering that if Loring had cast her off, at least her place had not been taken by another girl. She tried to thank him, and as that was impossible, she looked at the lilacs again and told him he had set them in exactly the right place.

It was the next week that, as she sat there by the open window, a shadow fell upon her closed eyelids, and she opened them, smiling a little, knowing who had come. But it was not Haven. Loring Pratt himself stood there, a little flushed with the awkwardness of meeting, yet vividly excited in a way she knew. This was the look in his eyes when he had told her, in old days, how pretty she was, and planned their life together. Loring was a handsome creature, of a gypsy cast, with a swarthy skin and dark, soft hair. To-day he had been hurrying, and a deep red had settled in his cheeks. Sylvia could not take her eyes away. She looked at him curiously, as if he had once been familiar to her, and now the sight of him gave her a vague pain that she could neither conquer nor resist.

"Sylvy!" he hesitated. "Sylvy!" Then he added, "You better, Sylvy?"

Her lips parted slightly, as if for breath; but it was an instant before she could answer, and then almost inaudibly:

"I guess so."

"Mother said you was in a decline," he went on eagerly, in the manner of those who, because they have begun speaking, rush on and say what they would not. "She said you set there by the north winder lookin' out into the yard, an' wouldn't see nobody. But t'other day I was goin' by an' I see you by this winder, an'—so I come over, Sylvy."

His voice had softened wonderfully. That note, also, she knew. A strange triumph swelled within her. The outward effect of it was immediately upon her like a wreath of loveliness, and he saw it. Her eyes had brightened into liquid glory. Her head lifted, and the red poured into her cheeks.

"Sylvy," he said, with the beseeching of a lover, "I'll come round this afternoon. We'll go to ride." But his glance followed hers over his shoulder to the road. "Who you lookin' at?" he asked.

Haven was going by with a basket of plants, their green tops showing above the brim. She knew what they were—larkspur and monkshood from his mother's garden, to set out at the old place where he meant to build. Involuntarily she leaned forward in her chair and waved her hand at him; but Haven only nodded and strode on. She thought his shoulders settled together a little, as if he were tired, though the basket, she knew, was light for strength like his. Loring laughed.

"You can't stop him when he's got any kind of a withe to set out," he said. "He's as crazy's a loon over anything that's got leaves to it. Why, the day he grafted that old tree in your yard, I wanted him to go to stockholders' meetin' on some stock I had, but he wouldn't hear to't."

"What tree?" Sylvy was sitting straight in her chair, gazing at him.

"Why, that tree in your back yard, the old twisted tree. I told him he's a fool to tackle it. When a thing's gone, it's gone."

Sylvia was on her feet. She stood superbly, like a lithe goddess.

"I'm much obliged, Loring," she said, in a clear voice. "No, I can't go to ride. I'm too busy." She left him standing there, and walked out through the kitchen, where her mother was beating eggs, and into the back yard. There was her tree, strangely altered and yet familiar. The top had been cut off, and new grafts were in it. At its foot the land had been spaded up in a great circling space. She smelled the earth and the enrichment of it, and life was good to her.

"Law, Sylvy, what you doin'?" called her mother from the doorway.

Sylvia turned about and walked back to the house.

"Give me them eggs, mother," she said, calmly. "I'll beat 'em for you."

Haven was at the old place all day. He had his dinner there with Aunt Betsey next door, and came home at dusk, his feet dragging a little with the weariness of an accepted loss. He did not look up at Sylvia's window, but Sylvia herself, a shawl about her, stood at the gate. He saw her and he stopped, staring as if she had been a ghost. She was the Sylvia he had been used to know, sweet colored, and all a wistful pathos that was not grief, but youth.

"Haven," she called, her voice vibrating in some mysterious accord with the spring twilight, "what made you graft my tree?"

He took off his hat and passed a hand wearily over his forehead.

"Oh," he said, smiling faintly, "I thought might as well give it a chance."

"Do you think the grafts 'll live?" she asked breathlessly, like one who had news to tell.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I know they will." He gave her a little good-night nod, and was moving on; but she called to him.

"Haven, I've seen him. It's all right."

He paused then and looked down through the dusk at the ground.

"I know it," he said, presently. "I see ye there. I thought maybe 'twas goin' to be—all right."

"No! no!" she stretched a swift hand to him across the fence, and then withdrew it. "It's just as if he was a stranger. When I looked at him—an' see you goin' by—an' you grafted my tree an' all—oh, Haven, somethin's come back to me. I'm goin' to live."

He stooped to her then, and she put up her lips, cool with the sweet spring air, and kissed him.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Art of the Musician (The). By Henry G. Hanchett. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 327 pages. $1.50, net.

The growth of musical appreciation in America, if it is measured by the publication of books of this sort, must be very rapid. Like Mr. W. J. Henderson's "What is Good Music?" and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's "How to Listen to Music," Dr. Hanchett's book is designed to aid persons who are fond of music, but are, as he says, "not thoroughly versed in its intricacies," to discriminate between good music and bad, and intelligently to enjoy that which a cultivated taste would approve. There are, we believe, a great many people to whom this book would reveal beauties which are now hidden from them. The book is especially rich in musical illustrations; some of them are short excerpts, but a number are of a length rarely to be found in books of this character. Dr. Hanchett considers at first the relation of music to the world of art. He then takes up its elements—sound, rhythm and meter, harmony, melody, motive, counterpoint, form, romantic and classical music. His closing chapters are on the art of the interpreter, musical education, and the test of musical worth. Useful, however, as this book is sure to be, it is not free from certain evident defects. The philosophy of musical art which underlies it (and for a book of this kind some philosophy is indispensable) seems to us neither clear nor consistent. Although in general the views expressed seem to be based on thoroughly good common sense, they are frequently expressed in forms which at the best are likely to mislead the reader. For instance, in the very first chapter Dr. Hanchett says that perhaps even the highest place in music belongs, not to the composer, but to the interpreter—the performer; and adds this as evidence (the italics are his): "No two composers have influenced musical progress in America more strongly than have Anton Rubinstein by his *playing*, and Theodore Thomas, who was not a composer." It would hardly seem necessary to point out that influence on musical progress is the measure, not of the artist, but of the educator. It is not clear, to cite another instance, whether Dr. Hanchett is writing about "the art of the musician" or the language of the musician. Moreover, he is apt to confuse his readers by his attempt to introduce a new and original terminology. It is true musical terminology is not always clear or logical; but Dr. Hanchett's attempt, we believe, will in the minds of most readers add to the confusion. His aversion to mechanical piano-players assumes an importance by its frequent repetition in this volume that is hardly justifiable. In spite, however, of these insistently obvious defects, the book, we believe, will be very helpful to those who wish to listen to music intelligently.

Children of Good Fortune (The). By C. Hanford Henderson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 406 pages. $1.50.

We have here a treatise on ethics quite out of the ordinary track. Its character as such is reflected in its title. "Good fortune" is simply the English equivalent of the Greek *eudaimonia*, from which technical ethics has formed the term "eudæmonism," connoting ideal happiness as qualitatively estimated. By "the children of good fortune" are denoted, as in the Hebraic term "children of light," those who seek and realize it. Those who are familiar with the text-books will find their ideas clothed here in fresh phraseology and their positions stated in an unconventional and more succulent form. Precisely these characteristics will attract many readers to whom a more technical treatment of ethical principles would be uninviting. While the discussion thus avoids the dusty road for an unbeaten path through the fields, it leads along no lower levels than the best of the current manuals. It inculcates "that superb morality which springs from throbbing human life and from enlightenment." The fundamental theses of the argument are two: Good fortune, the realization of the highest individual satisfaction, is found only in the life that makes for social welfare: The two factors of morality are efficiency for the end in view, and worth, estimated in terms of personal satisfaction and social welfare. Morality as here exhibited is the real, not the conventional, thing; it is not the observance of a code, but the pursuit of an ideal. "Content with the second best is immoral." Moral conduct is more than the "three-fourths" of life that Matthew Arnold affirmed it to be; it is the whole of life; it includes the mental as well as the bodily life; it includes one's attitude to the universe. But Dr. Henderson identifies morality with religion in terms which do not seem to make clear account of their difference. Clear thinking must insist upon this, while admitting the essential identity which follows from the fact that, as Wundt affirms, the moral ideal belongs to the realm of the infinite. It seems an illegitimate process to cancel this difference by an extension of the field of morality to include belief in "the eternities, in God, in immortality," etc. One must demur also to Dr. Henderson's unqualified indorsement of Socrates's cardinal maxim in saying that "ignorance is the fundamental immorality in the universe." But the whole line of thought is uplifting. It is concerned with dynamic morality, applied in the field of social welfare, social institutions, personal occupations, morality working forward by education as "the passionate process of righteousness." Such a book is a moral tonic.

Charm of Youth (The). By Alexander Jessup. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 95 pages. $1, net.

Edward McMasters Stanton, the Autocrat of Rebellion, Emancipation, and Reconstruction. By Frank Abial Flower. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 6½×9½ in. 445 pages.

Enchantment. By Harold MacGrath. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 4½×7½ in. 199 pages.

Four Orphans (The). By H. W. Mangold and O. Lund. Published by the Authors, Spokane, Washington. 5×7½ in. 237 pages. 50c.

Garden of a Commuter's Wife (The). Recorded by The Gardener. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 354 pages. Paper bound. 35c.

Homes of the First Franciscans in Umbria, the Borders of Tuscany, and the Northern Marches. By Beryl D. de Selincourt. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 325 pages. $1.50, net.

"Without knowing anything about Greece," says Paul Sabatier, "one may understand Plato; but it is not possible to understand S. Francis without knowing Umbria." To meet the need thus indicated is the design of this book—a manifest labor of love. The benign personality of the loving spirit that seven centuries ago made Assisi to be for all time a shrine for devout pilgrimage is here set in the scenery of its local environment, and its familiar portrait is furnished with the background of natural conditions and details that give realism to the figure of the man.

How to Tell Stories to Children. By Sara Cone Bryant. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 260 pages.

Suggestive to mothers and teachers. Many sample stories are included.

Institution Recipes: In Use at the Johns Hopkins Hospital and Drexel Institute Lunch Room. By Emma Smedley. The William F. Fell Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 5×7¾ in. 121 pages.

Japanese Spirit (The). By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. James Pott & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 127 pages.

Jesus and the Prophets. By Charles S Macfarland, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 249 pages. $1.50, net.

The tendency of this fresh study of a familiar theme can hardly fail to be identical with what the author discerns as the aim of Jesus—to rescue the Old Testament from a formal and mechanical mode of treatment and to reinvest it with its proper spiritual significance. Not only this, but it tends to rescue the thought of Jesus, as the expositor and fulfiller of the spiritual ideals of the Old Testament, from the misunderstandings of his first expositors, the evangelists and Apostles. Holding Jesus to be more than a prophet, Dr. Macfarland sees that he was called to the work of a prophet, to meet a spiritual exigency, as the ancient prophets in their time had done. Biblical prophecy is not mere prediction, it is the presentation of a religious ideal, growing and clarified from age to age. This ideal found fulfillment first in the Jewish Church, next in the Christian Church—a fulfillment not of specific predictions but of general truths and principles. Viewing it thus, Dr. Macfarland overtops all controversy whether this or that text is a Messianic prophecy in holding that, as anticipating the coming of the Kingdom of God and the shaping of human relations by divine ideals, "all prophecy is Messianic." Some prevalent misconceptions are corrected in this view, which is based on an exhaustive examination of Jesus' free treatment of the Old Testament—a treatment widely contrasting with that used by his disciples, whom the Church has imitated. "Jesus' conception of the Messiah," says Dr. Macfarland, "was not taken from descriptions found in prophecy. It was his own spiritual nature which determined its form." As Jesus' disciples misunderstood the prophets, so they misunderstood and still misunderstand his use of them. This also comes up here for correction, a prominent case of it being in his apocalyptic discourse, whose misinterpretation has long been stumbled at. Dr. Macfarland's work is of unusual importance for the setting right and clarifying of erroneous and confused notions, an excellent specimen of the application of critical method for the realization of religious values.

Lessons in Hygienic Physiology. By Walter Moore Coleman, A.B. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 270 pages. 50c.

Little Garden Calendar (A), for Boys and Girls. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. The Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7¼ in. 320 pages.

Love Divine: The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Illustrated. Uriah Furman Rogers, Compiler and Publisher. 5×7½ in. 421 pages.

The four Gospels woven together in a continuous narrative constitute the text of this volume. Its distinction from similar compilations is in the full-page illustrations, of which there are over a hundred, not all of them judiciously introduced. It is a handsome volume, suitable for a gift-book.

Love vs. Law. By Mary Anderson Matthews. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×8 in. 292 pages.

Man Limitless. By Floyd B. Wilson. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 224 pages. $1.25.

Modern Utopia (A). By H. G. Wells. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 393 pages. $1.50, net.

Always original, Mr. Wells is even more original than usual in this his latest, and he hints his last, volume of speculations concerning the future development of the human race. His Utopia is sharply marked off from all other Utopias. It is by no means a Utopia of static civilization; Mr. Wells still views mankind, not as made, but as in the making. Nor is his a Utopia of uniformity; recognizing the State as supreme, or, as he expresses it, "the source of all energy," he would leave room for individual progress. In short, he aims at a practical Utopia. But, in common with his predecessors, he insists upon certain startling assumptions. Above all, he would build his Utopia upon "the hypothesis of the complete emancipation of a community of men from tradition, from habits, from legal bonds, and that subtler servitude possessions entail." His assumptions stated, he proceeds to rearrange the existing order of things in accordance with his ideas of how the affairs of the world should be managed. It is impossible here to undertake an exposition either of his reformative proposals or of the ingenious philosophy of life which he elaborates, which is based on "the subordination of the class to the individual difference." It may be said, though, that, however the reader regard the World-State thus created, he cannot fail to find Mr. Wells's book interesting and suggestive. The method of presentation adopted is exceedingly happy. The modern Utopia is located in a planet "out beyond Sirius, far in the deeps of Space," and thither are projected two inhabitants of the workaday world. Their experiences, which include an encounter with their Utopian doubles, their "better selves," afford a basis for casting the theories advanced in a form which holds the attention from first page to last.

National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States (The): Addresses, Discussions, Minutes, Statements of Benevolent Societies, Constitution, etc., of the Twelfth Triennial Session, Des Moines, Iowa, October 13-30, 1904. Published by Order of the National Council, Office of the Secretary of the National Council, Boston. 5½×9 in. 591 pages. Paper bound.

The record of the notable gathering at Des Moines last fall—the more notable because it was less ecclesiastical than moral and spiritual in tone. The volume contains a number of addresses that are worthy of permanent form.

Pre-Exilic Prophets (The). By Rev. W. Fairweather, M.A. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5¼ in. 120 pages.

Some volumes of this series have been of inferior merit, but this is one that in the brevity prescribed for it could not be easily improved upon. The period covered includes about a century and a half, from Amos to Jeremiah.

Rome. Painted by Alberta Pisa. Text by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6¼×9 in. 267 pages. $6.

The publishers of this book have, in its title, put the pictures very much to the front. This is natural, because these paintings by Signor Pisa are remarkable bits of color-work, and present Rome's antiquities and picturesque aspects in an extremely attractive way. The pictures of important objects in the Forum and on the Palatine Hill, for instance, are taken from different view-points and with a different field of included objects than in the many photographs with which visitors to Rome are familiar. It may be noted also that there is great charm of perspective and distance and color in some of the pictures having a wide outlook, such as that of St. Peter's from the Pincian Gardens, and the views about Tivoli. The color-schemes are, as a rule, well thought out and beautiful in themselves, but they may perhaps prepare the ordinary reader who has not seen Rome to expect a little richer coloring than he will actually find in nature. Turning to the text of the work, we find that it is made up of twelve chapters written by as many different writers. They deal with Rome, not historically or archæologically, but as regards such aspects as "The Roman People," "Legends and Guilds," "The Roman Ménage," "Roman Religion," and so on. Inevitably there is considerable variation as to style and interest in these chapters, originally written for magazine publication, but in the main they have the readable quality, and offer a good many acceptable views of the customs, traditions, and daily life of the people of Rome.

Three Greatest Forces in the World (The) By William Wynne Peyton. Part I. **The Incarnation.** The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 234 pages. $1.40, net.

This trinity of forces is constituted, says the author, by the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection. Conceiving these terms in their inner and ideal significance, this estimate of them is undoubtedly true. Mr. Peyton, however, is not content with their inner meaning, but insists also on the outward and historical connotation. In the present volume, limited to the first of the triad, he insists at length on the extension of virgin generation from the lower creation, as in bees, to the higher creation, as in the virgin birth of Christ. In thus building on hotly controverted ground he seems to divert attention from the stronger position, which holds the divine incarnation to be a universal process rather than a single event, and its divinest manifestation ethical rather than physical. Only as so conceived can it be truly said, as by Mr. Peyton, that "incarnation is the root idea of religion, science, poetry, and philosophy."

Titi Livi ab Urbe Condita. Libri I., XXI., XXII. Edited by Emory B. Lease. The University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 438 pages.

Trial of Jesus (The). By Giovanni Rosadi. Edited with a Preface by Dr. Emil Reich. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 335 pages. $2.50.

This monograph will take its place in the library of the scholar with such works as Stroud's "The Physical Cause of the Death of Christ" and James Smith's "The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul." It is a thoroughly scholarly study of the quasi-judicial proceedings, both before the Sanhedrin and before Pilate, which ended in the double condemnation of Jesus—by the Sanhedrin for blasphemy, by Pilate for sedition. It would have seemed that previous studies in this field would leave little opportunity for new investigation; but Giovanni Rosadi not only reinforces and elaborates what other scholars have pointed out, but he also differs at some rather important points from most of his predecessors in this field. We have not submitted his authorities to an independent investigation in these instances, but he appears to us to make out a very strong case for his view. Thus, it has been generally assumed that the priests secured from Pilate a Roman guard to accompany the Temple police in making the arrest of Jesus, a conclusion deduced from John's use of the word σπείρα (speira), which properly signifies a Roman cohort. We are inclined to agree with Signor Rosadi that this word is not used by John in its technical sense, but generically to indicate simply an armed band. So, again, it has generally been assumed that the Jews had power to try an accused and condemn him to death, though the condemnation had to be ratified by the Roman Procurator before it could be executed. We think Signor Rosadi makes it clear that this was not the case; that the Jews had no such power; that Pilate did not ratify the sentence of the Sanhedrin, but pronounced a new and independent sentence upon an entirely different accusation; and that in this respect, as in other important respects, the proceedings before the Sanhedrin do not deserve to be called a trial. Renan's affirmation that "the course which the priests had resolved to follow was in strict conformity with the established law" is a somewhat notably striking illustration of Renan's habit of following his imagination whenever it promised to make more interesting and dramatic the episode he was narrating. Signor Rosadi's volume is an indictment, not an investigation. Its spirit is indicated by its opening sentences; but its conclusions are fully justified by the evidence which he adduces: "In the year of Rome 783 a carpenter of Nazareth was arrested at Gethsemane, tried at Jerusalem, and put to death on Golgotha as guilty of sedition. Grasping priests denounced him; false witnesses accused him; judges of bad faith condemned him; a friend betrayed him; no one defended him; he was dragged with every kind of contumely and violence to the malefactor's cross, where he spoke the last words of truth and brotherhood among men. It was one of the greatest and most remarkable acts of injustice." And Signor Rosadi proves that the act was illegal as well as unjust; as much a violation of the provisions of the Jewish law as it was a violation of the principles of eternal justice.

Unveiling of the Statue of Abram S. Hewitt in the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, May 11, 1905. Address by Charles Stewart Smith. Press of the Chamber of Commerce, New York. 7½×10 in. 65 pages.

"Vanishing Swede" (The). By Mary Hamilton O'Connor. Robert Grier Cooke, New York. 5×7¾ in. 209 pages. $1.25. (Postage, 10c.)

Wine-Press (The). By Anna Robeson Brown. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 390 pages. $1.50.

The author has developed an idea, not novel in itself, in a striking and unusual way. The daughter of a deserted wife, who has witnessed her mother's wrongs and bitter suffering, constructs a theory of men upon this narrow basis. She lavishes her unselfish love upon her shallow half-sister, whose death, surrounded by painful mystery, emphasizes the distorted judgment of Giovanna. How, in the end, she bows her pride, and, through the candid acknowledgment of her error, wins happiness, must be discovered by the interested reader. Incidentally a rather distressing view of college life for women is given, apparently from experience.

Young People and World Evangelization. By John Franklin Goucher. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4¼×7 in. 59 pages. 25c., net.